TORONTO SATURDAY NIGHT.

Vol. 1. { The Sheppard Publishing Co., Proprietors. Office—9 Adelaide Street West. } TORONTO, DECEMBER 10, 1887. TERMS: { Single Copies, 5c. Per Annum (in advance), $2. } No. 2.

Around Town.

Last Sunday night I was at church, trying to listen to a good sermon. The preacher had hardly begun before some one began to cough, and inside a minute twenty different varieties of cough were to be heard in as many different localities, and the sermon became the voice of one crying in the wilderness of bronchial disturbance. Before he had got through with Firstly the coughs were subdued sufficiently to make the discourse audible to those on the front benches, but I had hardly settled down to enjoy the quiet before a large and fleshy gentleman in the gallery broke out in a new place and completely drowned so much of Secondly that I failed to recover the premises. Nor did the corpulent party desist even in Thirdly, though a vital doctrine was involved. The eyes of the entire audience were turned appealingly toward him in vain; his larynx, or whatever was inflamed, wouldn't take a rest, and we all settled down to dumb despair, only relieved by the hope that the fussy person would wind up by having a full-sized fit which would necessitate his removal. His face got red, he strangled with phlegm and over-exertion; he broke out in a sweat and mopped his purple face; he leaned back and held his mouth open, and we hoped the end at last had come. But, no; he was at it again immediately. Did he know that his death was being longed for? If he did, why didn't he go out? If he didn't, he must have thought us deaf or morbidly interested in the various phases of hack and whoop caused by bronchitis.

* * *

How is it people become so lost to a sense of the comfort of others? Is there any one who doesn't know that a cough disturbs a congregation as badly as a crying baby? Why cannot they stay away, or else bring a sedative of some sort to quiet the struggle a little? If the cough starts after they are seated, they should remember there is nothing the matter with the door, and that people would rather see them jump out of an upper window than stay in and by turns convulse, choke and explode as the gentleman did on Sunday night. And then what use is it for them to remain? The most powerful preacher on earth couldn't bring conviction of sin to a man or woman who is struggling to keep from coughing up their shoe laces. Go out, dear friend, and cough at the angry moon!

* * *

It amuses me to see some of the men who have joined themselves unto the banner of Ald. Rogers, and with him are going out to slay the dragon of strong drink. They all have reasons, and at public meetings it is a cheerful sight to see them stand up with one accord and bear witness to their "entire satisfaction" with regard to every explanation he has made or proposes to make.

* * *

Labor advocates—men who have been entrusted with prominent places in the ranks of the organized toilers—find reason for expressing their satisfaction in the clear and pious explanation Ald. Rogers makes of his connection with the coal ring! Yet it is known to those who have read the newspapers which advocate labor reform, that coal rings and all wicked combinations to increase the price of the necessaries of life are more heartily detested by wage-workers and those who are struggling for bread, than any other form of oppression. If there is anything needed to thoroughly discredit the motives of men who have been Labor's representatives, or district delegates and banner-bearers in the front of the labor procession, it is the willingness they sometimes display to side with the rich man against the poor one, and to take up the cudgel for the capitalist whose method of procuring riches excited their horror and indignation—until they could prospectively share the profits.

* * *

City employes, too, have been caught on the crest of the wave and feel thoroughly "satisfied" that Elias like Enoch has been "called," and will be chosen.

* * *

Men with something to get, contractors with tenders prepared, gentlemen of leisure with pockets to fill—all are "satisfied" with the candidature of Mr. Rogers.

* * *

Some of the parsons, too, are "satisfied," and this should fill us with joy, for it is so seldom they are pleased with us poor mortals that it is happiness itself to see them endorse the gentleman who has a well-known tendency to raise the price of coal when the weather is coldest and the cash in the locker is lowest. Probably it is because they so much hate fire.

* * *

Public confidence is ordinarily a thing of slow growth, but in eleven months Ald. Rogers, without doing anything but say "yea, verily" to the Mayor has been wakened up to be called great by the select circle of the truly good. Can anyone find out just why? Outside of his connection with the coal ring, he seems personally to be a nice mild little man, something after the style of the nursery rhyme:

"There was a little man
Who had a little gun," etc.

In the coal scheme he is probably the willing instrument of the railroads and big coal corporations, who will leave no stone unturned to elect him.

* * *

After all, is there anything in this Rogers boom, except that ex-Mayor Howland approves of him? Of course, if he has anointed Elias as his successor, a man must group himself with the ungodly if he ventures to question his right.

* * *

And who has nerve enough to be herded in with the vicious and scarred with the damned for the sake of a few paltry taxes and the right to do contrary to the will of William and Elias?

* * *

An example of the high class of virtue affected by some of the truly good aldermen was manifested in their treatment of McIlroy, the rubber dealer. He was for eighteen years an employe of the Gutta Percha & Rubber Manufacturing Company, a wealthy New York firm, and prevailed upon them to establish a branch works in Parkdale. After he left them and started business for himself, he appears to have incurred their animosity, no doubt because he continued to do the business and take it away from them. In order to ruin his business, Spaddone, the president, confided to Mayor Howland that McIlroy had been using questionable methods to obtain city contracts, and some months ago the firm provided Mayor Howland with some evidence of those peculiar methods with which they did business through their agents. On Monday night these were made public in the city council, and the highly virtuous aldermen in their righteous wrath refused to give McIlroy the contract, though his was the lowest tender and his hose stood the test, awarding it instead to his late employers, who have feebly disguised their identity by a reconstruction of their local organization. There is no doubt in the world but that the whole thing was a scheme to make votes and the rubber factory with its large number of employes being a greater vote-producing machine than McIlroy's rubber store the latter got the worst of it.

* * *

How in all conscience the decision was arrived at no honest man can conceive. There is no doubt that those things which occurred months ago were highly reprehensible and those committing the wrong should be punished, but if Jack was employed by his master to do wrong Jack should not be punished and his master rewarded. The whole thing as an election dodge, sprung to make a boom for Rogers, reduces a much needed *expose* to the level of a hustings trick. But of all who most deserve punishment and contempt it is the Yankee firm who would not only resort to the practices complained of, but would treacherously expose their ex-employe in order to gain their end.

* * *

There are no theatrical critics so acute in discovering the weaknesses and strong points of a play as "the gods" who crowd the upper gallery, and in the gallery the cutest of them all are the newsboys. It is an aphorism amongst English actors that when you catch the gallery you catch the town, and newsboys are just as clever in discovering the drift of public opinion, and they profit by purchasing and selling SATURDAY NIGHT—the paper in which is the largest profit and quickest sale.

* * *

Newsboys very often attain the highest positions in the community, though they are sometimes slow to confess it when their wits win them riches. A noticeable instance of a successful newsboy who is not alarmed of his early trade is Erastus Wiman, one of the millionaires of New York, and the head of the popular movement for Commercial Union.

* * *

Everybody who knows the old-fashioned "machine" that ran the municipal affairs of Toronto knows that those were halcyon days for the ward politician. The police force, the fire brigade and city hall patronage were all used by a few wire pullers to make themselves solid in the wards, and then came the pickings and contracts and arbitrations; then "lush" was plenty and junketting trips the order of the day.

* * *

Mayor Boswell carried the thing to such an extreme that public opinion revolted. Every branch of the city service was utterly demoralized, and when the true state of things was exposed by the press there was a general demand for the dynasty of Boswell *et al* to come to an abrupt close, and it did, never to be reorganized on the old lines.

Alexander Manning, a cool, clear-headed business man of a most unemotional sort, did the city vastly more service during his term of office than is generally credited to him. The "lush" business was discouraged and he so perceptibly frowned down personal and civic extravagance that a new order of things was inaugurated. Under his management legitimate promotion in the police force was returned to and much of Boswell's partisan work undone. The first inquiry into the coal ring was quietly begun, and though Manning did not officially begin the investigation he effected many reforms, among which was the appointment of a proper weighmaster and the overhauling of the general workings of the water-works department. Public opinion was thus prepared for the more drastic measures began by Howland.

But of all the skilfully organized "machines" Toronto has ever seen there has been nothing to compare with the scheme born in the brain of His Eminence the present Mayor.

* * *

The history of the city's government having taught him that a few shrewd and self-assertive men could control the affairs of Toronto, he at once assumed the dictatorship and began to surround himself with the ambitious and astute schemers who have so far been successful in cloaking their designs under the mantle of temperance and that particular variety of religion which does its worship on the housetops and street corners.

* * *

There are men who, under the guise of Freemasonry, hide schemes of self-advancement and pecuniary profit, and the grand lodges of all the fraternal societies have shown at various times how unscrupulous men can use the faith of their brethren as a stepping-stone to place and power, disregarding entirely those solemn vows and sacred obligations which make other men of more honest fibre their easy dupes and steadfast followers.

* * *

Temperance too, a noble cause, has often been used in this way, and it has become proverbial that a man who cannot find notoriety in any other way, is apt to seek prominence as a prohibition advocate. Thus it is that the best temperance workers and the noblest and most self-denying men have almost, as a rule, avoided an alliance with the organized agitators who talk so much and do so little—except for themselves.

* * *

At the beginning of the present civic administration everyone was delighted to see the better class of citizens, who have frequently abstained from the part they should take in municipal affairs, working together with the clergy and ladies to purify our city government. The pleasure of the new experience continued over the next election, despite constantly increasing signs of the arbitrary power of the dictator, and intolerance on the part of his "machine."

* * *

That it is a "machine" nobody can deny, but that in itself is no reason for its condemnation. As long as we have party politics, no matter what the lines may be which cause partisanship, there will be an executive—in nearly every instance self-assumed—but which, for the sake of the party's good is consented to. Such "machines" do not become dangerous until puffed up with power, elated with their victories, and corrupted by the personal ambitions of those who have seized the leadership, they begin to squander the public funds and threaten the liberties of the citizen.

* * *

This point has been arrived at by the intolerant "machine" now dominating city affairs.

* * *

When they are accused of interfering with private conscience and public rights, they cry out that no liberty is threatened, that only license and profligacy are being trodden upon. This is false, as well as hypocritical. What have they done to stamp out vice or restrain crime? The police court records and criminal statistics prove that never before was vice so glaring, crime so prevalent or drunkenness so greatly on the increase.

* * *

When this new machine, managed by unscrupulous men who, followed, believed in, and innocently obeyed by many of the best elements of society, is accused of extravagance, mismanement and incompetence in its control of the public finances, it retorts that it is progressive, and that its accusers are using this carping device of the devil to bring their pious motives into contempt.

* * *

If business-like criticism and legitimate outcry against shameful extravagance is to be thus stifled by cant, unmerited upbraiding and violent invective against the motives of everyone who dare criticise, into what a state of silent serfdom are the electors to be thrown?

* * *

Before now, men of "ostentatious goodness" have forced themselves into high places in churches while wrecking banks and squandering trust moneys. They have made their sacred profession of religion answer to their victims instead of an audit of their accounts, and when asked for a receipt for monies paid, have handed out a tract and given some good advice.

* * *

So often have people been imposed upon by such pretensions, even in our own midst that we should have learned by this time to let no loud-mouthed protestations of sanctity lead us from a proper examination of every detail of public expenditure. Much less should we accept such mouthings when they come from margin speculators, coal ringsters, land sharks, papertown boomers and needy adventurers.

* * *

Eternal vigilance is not only the price of liberty, but the solemn duty of every elector who does not want to be humbugged.

DON.

MARY ANDERSON AS JULIET.

Notice.

Reliable correspondents are wanted for this department of SATURDAY NIGHT all over Canada. Contributors must sign their communications with their real names and addresses, not necessarily for publication, but as a guarantee to the editor that the contribution comes in good faith. Unsigned matter will not be noticed. Correspondents will please write on one side of the paper only, and will spell proper names so plainly that there will be no possibility of any mistake. The names of contributors will not be made public. All communications should be addressed: Editor Society Department SATURDAY NIGHT, 9 Adelaide Street West, Toronto, Ont.

There are signs in the air of better times coming in Toronto's fashionable world. When this, my gossip, is on the press, a favored few will be dancing at Government House, cards are out for a ball at Mrs. Wragge's on the 16th, there is a rumor of a large fancy-dress ball at Mr. Henry Cawthra's, for which event some enterprising people have even fixed the date; and the National Opera Company is to pay us a visit, for three nights, at the beginning of January. Though At Homes have been few, and dances conspicuous by their absence, dinner-parties have been plentiful, always good gastronomically, sometimes amusing; and not in all cases have they been confined to those people whose dancing days are over. Several most enjoyable dinners have been given in honor of the new mistress of Government House, Miss Marjorie Campbell, and to these, as is natural, younger people have been bidden. To such guests did the hospitable mansions of Mr. and Mrs. Yarker, Mr. and Mrs. Albert Nordheimer, and of Mr. and Mrs. A. H. Campbell, in the Park, throw open their doors. These parties have been called "Beauty Dinners," a very appropriate title.

•

Can any one tell me the reason for the prejudice that exists against Saturday night for any form of gaiety? That it is not a night to be chosen for a dance is, of course evident, but what is the objection to it for a concert or for a play? Is there anything in the strict Presbyterian creed which enjoins the members of its church to spend Saturday night in meditation to prepare them for Sunday? If so, the thing is perhaps accounted for, for Presbyterians are numerous in Toronto. That there is something the matter with the day, however, was very apparent to me last Saturday week, when on going to Campinini's concert at the Pavilion, I found the house barely half-full. The price was moderate surely—not that money will deter Toronto people, as witness Patti's concert this year—but really neither in London or New York could so much talent be heard for so small a figure. Perhaps the audience may have made up in quality what it lacked in quantity. It is to be hoped that this fact comforted the impresario. At all events, he will be glad to learn that the arts, the learned professions and fashion were well represented. Belles and *belle-lettres* sat side by side, and Beauty waved her fan to Genius. In the place of honor, which he occupies at their concerts, sat the president of the Vocal Society, nor was his applause either stinted or studied—not that by this I mean to imply that it is studied when his proteges hold the boards.

•

On leaving the concert room I accidentally overheard the following:

De Smyth—"What an awfully bare house, Fitz!"

Fitz-Browne—"Yes, everybody was dressed."

•

Apropos of the Pavilion, as I have attended many dances there in the past and hope to be at two or more this season, I have a suggestion to make, which I am sure will commend itself to the management of future balls. Anybody who was at the otherwise delightful Grenadier ball last year, or at any of the Yacht Club balls, will recall with horror the fierce encounter and wearisome waiting which was, under the circumstances, simply unavoidable, though all he wanted was perhaps a glass of lemonade for a thirsting partner. There is no reason why so simple a necessity should be supplied only from the supper room. In all well-managed places of assembly the tea room is distinct from the supper room. The Pavilion conservatory is admirably adapted for the purposes of a tea room. Some of the plants might be removed, and an excellent circular buffet made, while the remaining rare exotics would form a picturesque center-piece, nor would they be much injured by the exhalation of the beverage.

•

Talking of dancing and being in a suggestive humor, as the craze for novelty is perennial, I should like to see some of the earlier and purer forms of the terpsichorean art revived. I would merely mention one form, the minuet, in which the original meaning of the dance is maintained. I refer to the chivalry which has apparently died out, wherein the stronger deferred to the weaker, courage bowed to beauty, and the obedient knight only expected the reward of a touch from the finger tips of his fair lady. Now-a-days the minuet is rarely danced, and only on the stage, and never have I witnessed the execution of this antique measure without observing the rapt attention of the audience and the general applause which has obtained for it a well-merited encore. Why should not this dance, so notable for its beauty and grace of movement, which has lost its place in the old world, be re-instated in the ball rooms of the new, and why should not Toronto be its chaperon into trans-Atlantic society?

•

Until this autumn society has done but little riding. In October, however, the favorable weather and open roads have enticed some members of society to mount the horse, and not a few have been left *hors de combat*. But only those who engage hacks should expect hacidents.

•

Amongst the best and most enthusiastic of Toronto horsewomen are the Misses Yarker, Mrs. Carr, Miss Jones and Miss Robinson. The former have arranged several successful rides, and Mrs. Carr on Thanksgiving Day led a brilliant cavalcade to a lunch at the Humber.

•

Talking of horses, if the fashion for riding which has come into vogue this autumn, continues next year, will not the livery men and other procurers of saddle-horses increase their stables and introduce better stock? Of course there are some who cannot afford to keep horses. I know of no more painful spectacle than a patient steed waiting for the rider while he slowly gathers himself, hat and whip together, from some adjacent ditch, unless it be the rider himself. There were such sights in October, but let us hope that certain purveyors of horse-flesh will be careful next year in providing a class of animals which will have more regard for their riders.

•

There is some talk of the Toronto Tennis Club going over to the new skating rink grounds in the West End, and amalgamating with that club. This would be a great pity for many reasons. The club has been perhaps the most extensive one in the city, but it could be so no longer. One of the great advantages at present is the proximity of the grounds to the business centre, which advantage would be lost in the change. If the club wishes to maintain its old standing, mere monetary considerations should not count with its present membership.

•

Mr. and Mrs. Edsall and Miss Edsall of New York, who are living in Toronto for the winter, have, in the course of two months only, made very many friends and have proved an acquisition to society. An At Home at their pleasant house on Sherbourne street on Monday was attended, amongst others, by Miss Marjorie Campbell, Mr. and Mrs. Vernon, Mr. and Mrs. Allan Cassels, Miss Robinson and Miss Heward. This might well have been called a Beauty At Home.

•

Though we must feel grateful to our friends across the border when they send us charming visitors, we cannot thank them for everything that comes from their land. I had always respected the Yankees until on a fatal night I was introduced to a game, say rather to a torture, called Progressive Euchre, and was told that they had invented it. I need not describe it; everybody has gone through its miseries. The continual shifting from one table to another, the impossibility of conversing with anybody for more than two or three minutes, and the glances of scorn, nay even the spiteful words of those syrens (they are few I am glad to say) whose whole mind is set on the increasing of those wafers on their cards, and who to that end, if they cannot win by fair means do not hesitate to use foul, are familiar to us all. The desperate and generally very evident cheating practised by these people is, perhaps, the most amusing thing about the game, that is to an observer whose mind is not troubled by thoughts of the moral harm done to those who are watching. I thought that the good sense which is at the bottom of society had killed this form of social agony last year, but its death is apparently lingering, and lest its dying kicks should disturb the present season I have made this solemn protest against it.

•

The annual meeting of the exclusive Toronto Tobogganing Club was well attended by the members. Messrs. Sidney Small, W. D. Gwyn, Alex. Crooks, Cawthra, and Gillespie, who were elected to the committee, are likely to be active and energetic in the interests of the club, while, if the new secretary, Mr. Alfred Plummer, can show on a toboggan that pluck and accuracy of eye which so nearly enabled him to win the Canadian lawn tennis championship this year, he is well fitted for so athletically important a post. I hope that the experiment of giving tobogganing at homes in their admirable club house at Rosedale, which proved so successful in 1887, will be more than once repeated in 1888.

•

In a place the size of Toronto it seems strange some one does not fit up handsome apartments which ladies could rent for the giving of At Homes, parties, or balls. Harry Webb might do it, I should think. He has almost a monopoly of the catering in Toronto and Hamilton, and would assuredly have the patronage of the best people here in such a venture, and that patronage would be decidedly extensive. I know a number of ladies who would entertain more than they do were it not for the annoyance and inconvenience caused by having a crowd of people about their homes. The tendency of fashionable people to do athletically entertaining extensively, but with as little trouble to themselves and their domestic arrangements as possible, and one certainly cannot blame them for it. Only it does get a trifle monotonous to meet the same refreshments and suppers served on the same silver and china day after day and week after week. The acquaintance generally lasts so long that people get decidedly familiar, and at last one is almost tempted to hold out one's hand and say, "Well, Supper, old chappie, how do. Delighted to see you, I'm sure. Looking well after the way they wrecked you at Mrs. De Smiffson-Smiff's last evening." Such a feeling would certainly not prevail were there some apartments which could be utilized in common, for then there would be no pretence about it. In New York and elsewhere this plan has been long and satisfactorily adopted.

•

I was glad to notice in the musical columns of last week's issue of this paper, that the Harmony Club has made Mr. Walter Townsend its president. Mr. Townsend is certainly one of the most representative men that could have been secured for the position. He knows, or knows of, all the theatrical people in the country, takes the greatest interest in seeing them perform and in entertaining them, and has himself histrionic ability of no mean order. I am satisfied that under him the Harmony Club will do exceeding well.

•

By the recent property boom in the Sault, Mr. George Dunstan made considerable money—how much I don't just know, but it is estimated all the way from five to ten thousand dollars, probably the latter is the closest figure. Mr. Dunstan bought the property five or six years ago for a mere song, and clung to it until a good chance offered for its sale.

•

On Friday evening of last week an At Home was given by Mrs. James Bain, of Wellesley street, in honor of Miss Campbell, of Montreal, who was visiting her. Mrs. Bain's entertainments are always popular, and this latest one was very successful. Among those who were present were Miss Nellie Macdonald, Miss Sinclair, of Hamilton, Mr. Lawrence, Mr. H. Ward, Mr. and the Misses Gelkie, Mr. and the Misses Bayley, Mr. F. and Mrs. Blakie, Mr. Fraser Macdonald, Miss Hattie Scott, Mr. Hugh McNaughton, Mr. and Mrs. Cosby, Mrs. McMurrich, Mr. J. Drynan, the Misses Drynan, Mr. Austin Smith, Mr. E C. Rutherford, Mr. P. Rutherford, Mr. and Mrs. George Crawford, Mr. and Mrs. Bruce Macdonald, Mr. Gordon Heward, Miss A. Heward, Mr. W. Smith, Miss Lena Smith, Miss C. Smith, Mr. T. Pepler, Mr. Worrell, Mr. Arthur Morphy and Miss Morphy, Mr. P. Howland, the Misses Howland, Miss Webber, Mr. A. Moffatt, Mr. Arthur Van Koughnet, Miss Lash, Mr. Shepley, Dr. and Mrs. A. J. Johnson, the Misses Strathy, Mr. Chadwick, Mr. R. Rattray, Mr. B. Jennings, Mr. J. Craig, Mr. H. Jarvis, Miss Sullivan, Mr. J. Eddis, Miss Eddis, Miss Kerr, Miss Hawk, Miss G. Manning, Miss Scott, Mrs. E. Scott, Miss McDermott, Mr. G. H. Muntz, Miss Brodie, Miss Miller, Mr. W. L. Miller, Mr. Arthur Meredith and Mr. Torrance.

•

Two large and fashionable receptions were held Saturday afternoon, the one at Senator Macdonald's and the other at Mrs. Grantham's. A number of people attended both events, and sipped the sweets of each. The At Home at Senator Macdonald's handsome residence was the first given there since the Senator received his appointment, and a great many congratulations took place as a consequence. The Citizens' Band played magnificently—in fact, the music was one of the most thoroughly enjoyable features of the afternoon. The conservatory was lit with Chinese lanterns in profusion, and the dim, soft illumination was pleasant. Among those I noticed were Mrs. Dupont and Miss Amy Dupont, Miss Saunders, Mr. C. W. Shanley and the Misses Shanley, Miss O'Brien, Miss Ardagh, the Misses Meredith, Mr. A. H. S. VanKoughnet, Mr. W. Parker Newton, Mr. H. Wyatt, Mrs. St. George Baldwin, Miss B. Lefroy and Mr. E. Lefroy, Miss Hedley and Miss C. Hedley, Mrs. J. D. Edgar and Mrs. Wilkie, Rev. Septimus Jones, Miss Jones and Mr. J. Jones, Mr. E. Greigg, Mr. Sidney Small, Mrs. Hugh Macdonald and Miss Sinclair, Mr. and Mrs. Bruce Macdonald, the Misses Larratt-Smith, Miss Buchan, Miss Ireland, Mr. W. Gillespie, Mrs. W. Baldwin, Mr. H. H. Langton, Mr. J. Scott, the Misses Bell, the Misses Laidlaw, the Misses Field, Mr. C. Owen, Mr. and Mrs. Arthur Ogilvey, Mr. Austin Smith, Miss Milligan, Mr. H. Ward, Mr. W. Smith, Mr. Shields Boyd, Mr. H. Boyd, Mr. E. C. Rutherford, Mr. and Mrs. Arthur Grassett, Mr. G. A. Stimson, Mr. W. Brouse, Mrs. J. Morrison, Mr. and Mrs. Paul Campbell, Mr. Hamilton Merritt, Mr. and Mrs. Blakie, Miss Blakie, Mr. and Mrs. Wyld, Mrs. Frank Smith, Mrs. John Foy, Mr. Arthur Meredith, Miss Smith, Miss Violet Smith, Mr. Jack Macdonald, Mrs. Watson and the Misses Watson, Miss Fisken, Mr. Harry Wyatt, Mr. Sidney Small, Mr. James Scott, Miss Manning, Miss Hawke, Mrs. Alexander, Mr. Mortimer Clarke, the Misses Field, Mr. Anglin, Mrs. Harry Green, the Misses Milligan.

•

After leaving Senator Macdonald's, I went to Mrs. Grantham's At Home at her new house, 30 College street. The house is both beautifully and artistically furnished, and architecturally it is a model. Mrs. Grantham received in a handsome dress of violet plush. She was assisted by her pretty niece, Miss Violet Shanklin. I noticed numbers of people who like me had just come from Senator Macdonald's, but among the "new faces" were those of Canon, Mrs. and Miss Dumoulin, Rev. Mr. Lewis, Mr. and Mrs. Merritt, Mrs. Strachan, Mr. O. Howland, Col. Gilmour, the Misses Harris, Mr., Mrs. and Miss Todd, Mr. and Miss Osler, Mr. and Mrs. Phillips, Mrs. Baines, Mrs. Drayton, Mrs. Benson, Mr. McMurray, Mrs. Lockhart, Mr. and Mrs. Atkinson, Mr., Mrs. and Miss Thompson, Mrs. and the Misses Maule, and Mrs. H. Thorne. The affair was very successful in every respect.

•

A writer in this department draws attention to the scant use made of Saturday evenings for entertainments, and with some logic argues that it might be made one of the pleasantest evenings of the week, which is perfectly true. I might say, however, that the course of events is gradually shaping itself in the way pointed out by him. A few years ago—eight or ten at the most—one never heard of any Saturday afternoon entertaining, but now there is little else. This, of course, is easily explained by the fact that society young men have, as a rule, more leisure on Saturday afternoons than on any other time through the week. The banks are always closed, and that excellent example is followed by nearly all the other offices and places of business, so that at Saturday afternoon affairs there are never a lack of men. The character of the entertaining has changed, too, materially, and it seems to me that those ladies who entertain now are considerably more hospitable than they were in days gone by.

•

Hon. S. H. Blake has sold his house on Homewood avenue and Wellesley street, and will rent one for the winter on Jarvis street. I have been unable to learn if Miss Blake will come out this winter, but should she, she will form a marked addition to Toronto's galaxy of beautiful belles.

•

Among others who will spend the winter in Southern California are Mr. and Mrs. John A. Wood of Parkdale. Since Mr. Wood accumulated his fortune and retired from business in Guelph, he has not denied himself any of the pleasures that go to make up a life worth living. A year spent in European travel and the building and furnishing of a luxurious house in Parkdale have been but a few of the pleasures his money has procured for him.

•

The usual fortnightly reception was held at Government House Wednesday afternoon. Miss Marjorie Campbell and Mrs. Harcourt Vernon received. Following is a list of those who called: Geo. and Mrs. Hagarty, Wm. and Mrs. Thomson, Mr. W. P. Thomson, Miss Thomson, J. G. and Mrs. Beard, Mrs. J. B. Morrison, Miss Smith, Mr. W. P. Newton, Mr. W. H. Waldbridge, jr., Mr. J. F. Gregory, Mr. and Mrs. Plummer, Major and Mrs Hamilton, Mr. Geo. Laidlaw, Mr. George Edward Laidlaw, Mr. Jas. William Laidlaw, Mr. Joseph Howe Laidlaw, the Misses Laidlaw, Arthur and Mrs. Mowat, Mr. and Mrs. Cayley, Frank and Mrs. Cayley, Mr. R. B. Milbourne, Mrs. Hill, Mrs. Heinemann, Mr. and Mrs. Snelling, Miss Arnold, Mr. and Mrs. Phillips, Miss Eyre, Mrs. and the Misses Roberts, H. P. and A. W. Roberts, Mr. Justice Robertson and Mrs. Robertson, Miss Robertson, Mr. F. A. Drake, Mr. and Mrs. Yarker, Mr. Ester Williams, Mr. W. E. Tisdale, Mr. H. W. Roberts, Mr. Chas. P. Whelan, Mr. W. E. Haslam, Mr. and Mrs. and W. D. Gwynne, Mr. Lawrence Grahame, Mr. Chas. J. Loewen, Mr. and Mrs. Crowther, Mr. A. H. Malloch, Mr. W. J. Saint, Mr. Geo. S. Michie, Capt. Booth, Mr. T. W. Burritt, W. J. and Mrs. Baines, Mr. R. M. Hillary, Mr W. G. Fleury, Mr. W. A. Smith, Mr. Roden Kingsmill, Mr. Harold Muntz, Mrs. Margaret S. Willard, Miss Wood, Mr. W. W. Wood, Mrs. S. P. Wood, Mr. A. J. Arnold, Mr. W. Parsons, Miss Parsons, Mr. and Mrs. Muritz, Mr. E. G. Muritz, Miss Eugenie Muritz, W. G. and Mrs. McWilliams, Miss Edsall, Miss Willard, Edward and Mrs. Morgan, the Misses Morgan, J. G. and Mrs. Beard, Mr. and Mrs. Malloch.

TETE-A-TETE.

Miss Kate Howitt of this city, is wintering in Los Angelos, Cal.

An At Home was given by Mrs. Bayley, Wellesley street, last evening.

It is understood that Mr. Harry Brock's marriage will come off this winter.

Cards are out for an At Home at Mrs. Wragge's next Friday evening.

Mrs. Whitney of Wellesley place, has issued cards for an At Home, next week.

Mr. Austin Smith's marriage to Miss Ryan has been arranged for January 5th.

Cards are out for a dance at Miss Thompson's, 68 Czar street, on the evening of the 14th.

Miss Violet Seymour of Port Hope, who was visiting Mrs. Albert Nordheimer here, returned to her home last Saturday.

Mr. M. D. S. Wedd, the recently appointed organist of St. Luke's church, it is said, is engaged to a very pretty young lady in Thornhill—a Miss Harrison.

Mrs. Edward Blake, accompanied by her brother, Mr. V. Cronyn, of London, sailed last Saturday for Liverpool, where she will be joined by her husband. They will remain about three months.

The engagement is rumored of Mr. Herbert Sinclair, only son of Judge Sinclair, of Hamilton, to a young lady of Toronto, the daughter of a well-known English church minister here, who is as good as she is pretty.

Miss Fannie Sutherland, R. A., has just completed a charming fancy sketch of Miss Boulton, daughter of D'Arcy Boulton, whose aristocratic beauty attracted so much attention in the ball-rooms of England last season.

Mr. Robert McHarrie, the recently appointed manager of the Northwestern branch of the Canadian Bank of Commerce here, is, it is understood, affianced to Miss Kemp, the eldest daughter of Mr. J. C. Kemp of this city.

A small At Home was given by Mrs. Walter Gillespie, Rosedale, on Tuesday afternoon. It was in honor of Mrs. Richard Cassels, Mrs. Gillespie's daughter. Those present were principally ladies. The afternoon was spent pleasantly.

Mr. John Kilgour, formerly assistant accountant of the Merchants' Bank in Montreal, has been made chief accountant of the bank in London. He spent Saturday and Sunday in this city, on his way to his new home. Mr. Kilgour is, it is said, engaged to Miss Murphy here, and it is understood that his recent promotion will hasten their marriage.

The out of town correspondence will be found on page eleven.

Brown (who has given his friend a cigar)—"These are something like cigars, eh, old boy?" Jones (dubiously regarding his)—"Yes-er, something like—what are they?"

CHINA HALL

49 King Street East, Toronto.

FOR CHRISTMAS AND HOLIDAYS

Royal Worcester Dinner Sets,
Crown Derby Dinner and Dessert Sets,
Doulton Dinner and Dessert Sets,
Royal Worcester Vases and Ornaments,
Crown Derby Vases and Ornaments,
Doulton Vases and Ornaments,
Fish and Game Sets and Game Pie Plates,
Oyster Tureens and Oyster Plates,
Cheese Tubs, Muffin and Toast Covers,
Fancy Jugs, Teapots and Coffeepots,
Rodgers' Knives and Carvers,
Tea Trays and Dish Mats.

GLOVER HARRISON

IMPORTER.

LADIES!

If you want to get good reliable articles in the line of

HAIR GOODS

The PARIS HAIR WORKS is the place to go to.

BANGS, WAVES, WIGS, SWITCHES, &c., &c.

Everything in the latest and most improved styles. Fine lines in Hair Ornaments, Bracelets, Brooches, &c., in real Amber, Garnet, Ivory, Jet, Shell, Rhinestone, &c. Choice designs in Ostrich Feather Fans, new and neat. Just opening our Christmas Stock of English, French, German and American Fancy Goods.

Now is the time to call and see them before selecting your holiday presents.

A. DORENWEND,

Paris Hair Works.

103 & 105 YONGE STREET.

The Most Reliable Hair Works in Canada.

HUNDREDS OF

NOVELTIES

IN

TOYS, GAMES AND FANCY GOODS,

Now on view in our establishment. Call early and make your selection. We could not begin to accommodate the crowds who visited Old Santa Claus' Headquarters last Christmas.

Presents for everybody and anybody, all ages and all temperaments at

QUA & CO.'S

Toronto Toy and Game Emporium,

49 KING ST. WEST, TORONTO.

DANCING

Prof Davis' Private Academy, 80 Wilton Avenue.

Branch Academy, The Pupils' Drawing-room, Grand Opera House.

A Special Class of Juveniles (misses and masters) meet every Saturday morning, 10 to 12 o'clock, in the Pupils drawing-room; specialties at this class. The "Court Minuet" (so much admired at the Rideau last spring), "Mistetoe Minuet," "Home Circle Minuet," and "Gavotte figure," "Octagon," &c., also all standard dances. The class numbers now 21 pupils, from the best families. Absolutely select.

PROF. DAVIS.

S. J. DIXON,

PHOTOGRAPHER,

Cor. Yonge and King Streets.

FINE WORK A SPECIALTY.

THE EVENT OF THE SEASON.

OUR GREAT REDUCTION SALE OF

Ladies', Misses' and Children's Mantles

Over Fifty Thousand Dollars Worth at Cost for the Next Thirty Days.

This is a thoroughly genuine sale at reduced prices. Our stock is much larger than it ought to be, and must be turned into CASH BY JANUARY 1st, 1888. This is a grand opportunity for Bargains.

J. Pittman & Co

Manufacturers and Importers, 218 Yonge St. and 488 Queen St. West.

Singers of Sacred Song.

The publication in last week's issue of SATURDAY NIGHT of the portraits of some of the ladies who sing in the city church choirs, was a feature that proved amazingly popular. Every effort was made by SATURDAY NIGHT'S artists and engravers to produce, not only good likenesses, but engravings of a superior order. No such portrait work has been done in Toronto before, and those who know the great difficulty there is in engraving a portrait to resemble the original, were amazed at the result. This week SATURDAY NIGHT has pleasure in presenting other portraits of ladies who sing in the city churches.

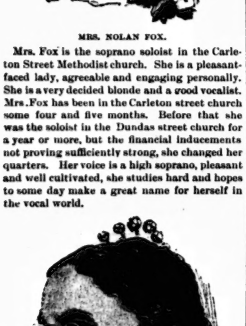
MRS. DIXON.

This is an excellent portrait of Mrs. Dixon, who is one of the leading singers in the Bond street Congregational church. Mrs. Dixon is a rising and deservedly popular young singer, with a full soprano voice of great compass. While there is considerable solo singing done in the Bond street church, its specialty is its congregational singing, many enthusiastic members of the church claiming that no such congregational singing can be heard elsewhere in Canada.

But after all it invariably seems to the writer that the congregational singing one hears in city churches, cannot compare in heart-whole enthusiasm with what one hears in the smaller English churches and in the country churches of Canada. Inseparably connected with his memories of youth, is the recollection of a plain frame church, crude in its Gothic architectural design and badly finished, without any of the upholstery and elaborate ornamentation of the city churches. By the pulpit was the organ, a small, squeaky affair; yet the unskilled hands that played touched the keys lovingly and tenderly and the congregation sang with all their hearts, with all their souls—and with all their strength. Their songs were simple, but the enthusiasm and the feeling with which they were sung can never be forgotten.

MRS. NOLAN FOX.

Mrs. Fox is the soprano soloist in the Carleton Street Methodist church. She is a pleasant-faced lady, agreeable and engaging personally. She is a very decided blonde and a good vocalist. Mrs. Fox has been in the Carleton street church some four and five months. Before that she was the soloist in the Dundas street church for a year or more, but the financial inducements not proving sufficiently strong, she changed her quarters. Her voice is a high soprano, pleasant and well cultivated, she studies hard and hopes to some day make a great name for herself in the vocal world.



MRS. MEYER

is one of the principal soprano soloists in the choir of St. Michael's cathedral. She is a very able musician, and her voice is pure, sweet and of good compass. In St. Michael's she finds great use for her vocal powers. Rev. J. M. Laurent, V.G., is one of the best musicians, not only in Toronto but in Canada, and during the year the choir ably renders some of the best work of the great masters. During Lent Mozart's Second and Twelfth Masses, Haydn's Third, Sixteenth and Second, Weber's Mass in G, Rossini's Stabat Mater and others of equal celebrity and excellence are generally rendered. During the principal Feasts of the year the choir's music is of an exceptionally fine order. Rev. Mr. Laurent, the conductor of the choir, has one of, if not the, finest repertoires of sacred music in the country. Through the year several minor works are given, together with offertory pieces and duets and solos by the different leading voices.

Father Laurent is, indeed, a musician of note. Long before the Philharmonic Society was organized here, the choir of St. Michael's was celebrated for its magnificent choral singing, arranged and conducted by him. The oratorios, which now form an important part of the season's work of the musical societies in all cities which make any pretence of musical taste or culture, were first introduced into Canada by Father Laurent in Toronto some twenty odd years ago. The Philharmonic Society was not in existence then. Old musicians say the oratorios produced under Father Laurent's care were remarkable for the excellent manner in which they were given. It was a labor of love with him. He brought to his work rare zeal and intelligence and a careful and thorough European musical education.

Twilight Mystery.

In the vast sapphire halls of twilight, dim
And wreathed about with cloud-blooms evanescent
The crescent lamp-like hangs, her silver rim
Making the floor of ocean iridescent.

On the high arching roof rare gems are set,
Fading and flashing with uncertain light,
As though some azure flow'r with dew were wet—
A single diamond here, and here a cluster.

The sea-floor heaves and sways beneath the tread
Of viewless winds that dance to a weird measure,
Their floating garments far around them spread,
Fragrant with many a flow'r-won incense treasure.

A fleecy curtain hangs athwart the West,
Shot through with threads of topaz, pink and golden,
Veiling the place where bright Day lies at rest,
In trailing mists of rose and purple folden.

Speak softly, softly move, O ye who go
Abroad at this mysterious hour, for surely
Pale moonlight spirits now pass to and fro,
And down the glitt'ring starbeams float securely—

Spirits of earth and sea, of cloud and air,
Souls of the flow'rs set free from rose and lily,
Some clad in sunset radiance rich and fair,
Some in the foamy vapors white and chilly!

'Tis Nature's vesper-hour, solemn and dim,
And only souls to Nature tuned may listen
In spell-bound rapture to the solemn hymn
That rises when the first pearl moon-rays glisten.

Soon will the hour have passed; the stars all lit,
Faded the light that was not night or morning,
Into the darkness the swift spirits flit,
To weave anew their mystic spells at dawning.

Bolivia's Natural Wealth.

Bolivia is doubtless the richest in minerals of any land on the globe, and millions upon millions of precious metals have been taken out of her mines by the primitive process which still exists, and must exist till railroads are constructed to carry machinery there. Every ounce of ore that finds its way out of the Andes is carried on the back of a man or a lama, and the quartz is crushed by rolling heavy logs upon it. By this method Bolivia exports from twelve to fifteen millions of gold annually, and the output would be fabulous if modern machinery could be taken into the mines.—*Harper's Magazine for November.*

A Romance in a Nutshell.

A French Lieutenant of Hussars left the army to marry a girl who was too poor to bring him the dowry a woman has to have to marry a French officer. He went to work for $50 a month; his wife fell ill, he ran into debt, and finally couldn't get anybody to trust him for milk, which was the only thing that would keep his wife alive. So he stole some milk, got caught at it, and although when arraigned the magistrate let him go, his wife was just dying when he got again to her bedside. He waited for her last sigh, and then lay down by her side and blew out his brains.

Across the Checker-Board.

There is such a touch of grace
In the smile that lights her face,
Oh, she can not have the heart
To block my game!
She's as sweet as she is fair—
She is perfect, I declare,
And I wouldn't change a thing—
Except her name.

Loved His Work.

"I never saw a man who liked work as well as well as that new clerk Smith seems to," remarked a merchant to one of his salesmen.

"He must have improved, for it was just only last week that you were complaining of him. You said then that he was the slowest man you ever saw."

"That's just it; he lingers over his work as if he was afraid he might get through with it and have to part from it."

She Was a Talker.

"Well, poor Smith! He is rid of that talkative wife of his."

"What! I—I hadn't heard—"

"Why, she fell headforemost into a tubful of cream this morning."

"Land sakes! Did she drown?"

"No; but her chin churned forty pounds of fine butter before she could be pulled out of the cream."—*Arcola Record.*

How He Got There.

"Aw, go soak your head," said Jones to a fellow who was bothering him for a small loan.

"Well, show me a pawnbroker that will put up anything on it and I will."

He got the quarter.—*Washington Critic.*

Easy Enough.

Wife (reproachfully): How can you come home in such a condition, John, when only last week you signed the pledge?

Husband: I know it (hic), m'dear, but's easby 'nough t' sign nuzzer.

A Speaking Likeness.

Gilhooly—That is a good picture of your wife. It is a speaking likeness.

Col. Yerger—I should say so. It is so much like her that I stuff cotton in my ears whenever I look at it.

Not Dimmed by Time.

Caller, to little Bobby—Bobby, what makes your eyes so bright?

Bobby (after a little thought)—I dess it's 'cause I haint had 'em in very long.—*Siftings.*

The Officers' Mess.

If there is anything in this world that makes a man feel martial it is the playing of a good military band. The bands of the Toronto regiments have generally been good, but have never been able to compare favorably with the best bands, either military or amateur, of other cities. At last, however, I think that Toronto is in a fair way to have good band music. It struck me so when I attended the concert of the Citizens' Band the other evening. The music was creditable both to the band and to Mr. Bayley.

But to a military man it must seem, I think, a pity that a band which is to all intents and purposes a military one should not *appear* as such. A band should be either purely military or purely something else—not that there is anything particularly wrong now, but is the present way the best?

Nearly all the officers of the Queen's Own were present. Lieut.-Col. Allan was in the place of honour. The Lieutenant-Governor and Miss Marjorie Campbell were not present, though it was expected they would be. The officers of the Queen's Own were all in full dress.

Speaking of bands reminds me that it, is understood that the efficient band of the Royal Grenadiers is to be greatly strengthened before next season.

Referring to matters of drill, it might not be out of order to remind such officers as do not carefully keep up the changes in the drill that, by an order published in the *Gazette* of October 8th last, in the infantry the sword will hereafter be at the slope on the march and in manœuvring. There are also other important changes in the infantry sword exercise.

It used to be thought that a soldier's life is bold and free. Soldiers are generally supposed to be gay bachelors, but a change seems to have lately come over the Toronto regiments, and those extremely young gentlemen who belong to them and are not married seem to be, most of them, making arrangements with that end in view. Lieut.-Col. G. T. Denison was married last week, as you all know, and I hear of a number of weddings that will take place shortly.

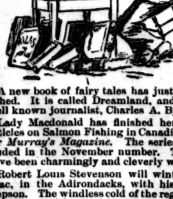
I was walking down James street in Hamilton the other day. I found among a crowd in front of the new drill shed. Col. Gibson, M. P.P., Majors Moore and McLaren, Capts. Adam, Reid, and Stuart, and a number of subs of the gallant Thirteenth, who were present to see the city members, Mayor McKay, M.P., and Mr. Adam Brown, M.P., hoist their old flag on the new building. This flag with the drum-major's baton and the colors, are almost the only things saved from the fire.

The officers of the corps show their loyalty to British connections by using a large Union Jack with the numerals XIII. in the centre, and I heard one of them high up in rank saying that the flag of old England was good enough for them, as it embraced the Canadian and all other colonial flags in its folds.

The ceremony was a dry one—that is, there was no nonsense about toasts or washing it down. It was thus a departure from the everlasting drinking which is done at most public affairs. Another good feature, there was no speech-making. The flag was hoisted to the top of the flag-staff, and was greeted by three hearty cheers. And that was all.

SUB.

Literary Notes.



A new book of fairy tales has just been published. It is called Dreamland, and is by the well known journalist, Charles A. Byrne.

Lady Macdonald has finished her series of articles on Salmon Fishing in Canadian Waters, for *Murray's Magazine.* The series was concluded in the November number. The papers have been charmingly and cleverly writtten.

Robert Louis Stevenson will winter at Saranac, in the Adirondacks, with his wife and stepson. The windless cold of the region agrees with him, and his health improves constantly. He writes every day, and expects to finish two volumes by spring. He is preparing an autobiograph, a long novel, and at the same time the usual flow of short stories is uninterrupted.

Count Tolstoi is about to publish a new work, entitled Napoleon and the Russian Campaign, in which he amplifies the theory laid down in a famous chapter of his great historical romance, War and Peace, that "the kings are slaves of history, and that Napoleon has only obeyed the unknown, the mysterious order by which his destiny was fixed before the world began, which is the same fatalist theory that runs through War and Peace.

Emanuel Gonzales, the French writer whose death has just been announced, owed his start in life to Emile de Girardin. Having the young man introduced to him, the famous editor exclaimed, the moment he heard the name: "I would like you to write a series of Spanish sketches for *La Presse.*" "But," said Gonzales, "though I am of Spanish descent, I know nothing of Spain, and have never been there." "No matter! Articles signed 'Gonzales' are sure to be read." So Gonzales "read up" on Spain, and soon wrote some Spanish stories which were highly praised for their "local color."

For a year past, writes W. A. Platt in the *Epoch*, we have been flooded with Russian literature. We have had so many Ivan Dimitrievitches and Paul Nicolaitches and the like, that it seemed as if the whole literary world had got the Russian "itch." We see Tolstoi on every newstand, in every bookstore, at every railway station. We read of Tolstoi in every publication that prints reviews of books. We meet with laudations of the "great Russian" in our magazines, and one of our religious contemporaries is publishing a novel by Tolstoi in serial form. Tolstoi is in the air. We cannot get away from him. He is worse than fate—just as omnipresent, and not a bit more cheerful. If we thought that Mr. Howells were responsible for this Tolstoi flood, we should be ready to murder him, but we doubt whether his dictum has influence enough to give the Russian such a vogue. Some years ago there was an attempt to get up a Turgenieff "cult." For awhile it threatened to be successful, but then it subsided. This time, however, the Russophilists have gone about it like old-fashioned revivalists at a camp-meeting. If you do not accept the literary fetish you are a Philistine and a sinner, an outer barbarian, a Philistine, and must be convicted of your sins. To a casual observer it seems as if this Tolstoi must have written more copy in a given time than Mary Jane Holmes, Ouida, or The Duchess. There is apparently no end to the stuff. Novels, history, politics, religion, short stories, proverbs, folk-tales, theology—all seem to be grist that has come to the mill of this peasant-snob, for what is it but snobbery, this ostentatious semblance of a poverty that does not really exist? Now, I honestly believe that I am voicing the desire of a large number of my fellow-Philistines when I say to the publishers and reviewers, "Do give us a rest! We are tired of Tolstoi, and Russia, and pessimism, and despair, and dogged endurance, and the whole business! We want something different and we will have it!

The Old-fashioned Doctor.

Oh, don't you remember the old-fashioned doctor,
Who, when we were children, would enter the room,
And, looking as wise as an owl or a proctor,
Would frighten and fill us with thoughts of the tomb?

He'd stalk to our cribs and order us gruffly
To stick out our tongues, which we'd do with such dread,
And give, while he handled our pulses so roughly,
An ominous shake of his solemn old head.

And then, while he listened to mother's description
Of things we had eaten and what we had done,
He grimly would write his old Latin prescription
For nastiest medicines under the sun.

Those horrible doses! How mother would scold us,
And beg us and buy us to take 'em in vain;
And, oh, how we'd struggle when father would hold us
And squeeze shut our noses regardless of pain.

And, when forced to open our mouths, quickly mother
Would shove in a spoonful, that strangled us, till
We spluttered it out—just in time for another—
Its vile, deathly taste's in our memory still!

Strange Statistics.

There are twenty-one bureaus of labor in the United States.

The loss by the recent floods in Cuba is estimated at over $1,000,000.

It is estimated that the total population of China is 362,000,000 persons.

Internal revenue receipts in the United States last year were $118,829,523.

Dr. Hammond says there are 500 too many physicians in New York city.

In the United States there is published one paper to every 4,435 inhabitants.

It takes nearly 100,000,000 foreign eggs a month to keep the English in cakes and puddings. Experts have estimated that the consumption of eggs in England is 100 a year for every person. Nearly $15,000,000 is paid every year for the eggs imported into the country.

A Bishop's Joke

Bishop Potter, of New York, is credited with the following joke. A young clergyman, not far from Harlem, being on the eve of marriage, and not wishing to trouble any of his clerical brethren, wrote to the bishop inquiring if, as he had already published his banns from his own pulpit, he could marry himself. The bishop at once capped the query with another, "Could you bury yourself?" That settled it.

Afraid it Was an Auction

First Citizen—I see there is a red flag out just around the corner from your house.

Second Citizen (alarmed)—What! a red flag?

First Citizen—Yes; a case of small-pox, I hear.

Second Citizen (relieved)—Oh, small-pox. My wife has just got back from the country and I was afraid it might be an auction.—*The Epoch.*

Thoroughly Dissolved

"It is my melancholy duty," said the chairman, "to report the dissolution of Bro. Hardhead since this meeting last adjourned."

"Why do ye call it dissolution?" asked the member from Wayback.

"He was blown up by a can of dynamite and scattered over six counties. Perhaps some of you fellows would rather have me say—pulverization."

A Want of Confidence

Professor of Practical Surgery—Now, Mr. Jemsen, supposing a patient came to you suffering with a comminuted fracture of the femur, what would you do?

Mr. Jemsen (startled at the difficulties of the case)—I'd make him as comfortable as possible and send for a doctor.

He Knew it to His Sorrow.

"White wings they never grow weary," sang the sallow pimple faced young man in the parlor.

"No," said the old man gloomily, as he paced up and down in the room above, "I've often wished they would but they never do."—*Merchant Traveller.*

Mr. Smartun—"No, Miss Jones, they can't deceive me; I am not such a big fool as I look."

Miss Jones (endeavoring to flatter)—"No indeed—I discovered that long ago."—*Judge.*

W. & D. DINEEN

FURRIERS,

OFFER FOR IMMEDIATE SALE FOR CASH:

Choice Sealskin Mantles, Ulsters,

WRAPS, CAPES, MUFFS, CAPS, &c.

ALSO A LOT OF FUR-LINED

CIRCULARS & SILK-TRIMMED WRAPS

And an Endless Variety of FURS of all kinds.

Beaver & Otter Capes & Muffs

TO MATCH.

LONG BEARSKIN BOAS AND MUFFS.

Otter and Beaver Collars and Cuffs

AND

Beaver Trimming by the yard.

COR. KING AND YONGE STS.

OUR STOCK

OF

BOOTS AND SHOES

Including Slippers, Rubbers, Overshoes, etc., for the

Christmas Trade

IS NOW COMPLETE.

We have all the Latest Styles in Ladies', Misses', Children's, Men's Boy's and Youth's Goods. Nice selection of Men's Fancy Slippers.

THOMAS KENNEDY & Co.

186 YONGE STREET. 186

Four Doors North of Queen Street.

FOR NINE DAYS

THE

Popular Dry Goods House

Will Make Things Lively if Low Prices Count.

DRESS GOODS.

55 Pieces of a Fancy Check, All-Wool Novelty Dress Material, 25c. per yard, worth 55c.

BARGAINS IN EVERY DEPARTMENT.

Blankets, Flannels, Comforters and Underwear.

EDW'D McKEOWN,

182 Yonge st., two doors north Queen West.

CHARCOAL PORTRAITS

FROM LIFE OR PHOTO.

R. J. LICENCE

ART STUDENT.

ROOM U, ARCADE.

THE YATISI CORSET

Is modeled from a design of one of the most celebrated Parisian makers. It gives the wearer that ease and grace so much admired in French ladies.

The Yatisi Corset, owing to the peculiar diagonal elasticity of the cloth, will fit the wearer perfectly the first time worn, no matter what her style of form is—either long or short waisted. To ladies who wish to lace tight and not feel uncomfortable at the bust or hips they are indispensible.

The Yatisi Corset does not stretch at the waist, requires no breaking in, fits comfortably the first time worn. As it gives to every motion of the wearer, it will outlast any of the old-style rigid corsets.

The Yatisi Corset is made of the best materials, and being elastic (without rubber or springs), is invaluable for invalids, as it cannot compress the vital parts of the body. They are recommended by the most celebrated physicians in all the leading cities.

The Yatisi Corset is the only one that the purchaser can wear ten days and then return and have the money refunded if not found to be the most perfect-fitting, healthful and comfortable corset ever worn.

Every merchant who sells the Yatisi Corset will guarantee every claim made by the manufacturers, and refund the money to any lady who is not perfectly satisfied with the corset.

The Yatisi Corset is patented in Canada, Great Britain and the United States.

Every pair of Yatisi Corsets is so stamped, and no other is genuine.

MANUFACTURED BY

THE CROMPTON CORSET CO.

SECOND HALF OF THE GREAT TWO PART STORY,

A LIFE'S BURDEN.

WITH ILLUSTRATIONS BY ADRIEN MARIE.

Utterly crushed and overwhelmed and terrified, Lady Archdale sought the privacy of her chamber, where she endeavored, in a dazed and bewildered way, to devise some means of escape from the dreadful situation in which she was placed. It seemed absolutely incredible that, in addition to the inevitable disgrace and exposure which would result from her first marriage becoming known, she had also to face the awful charge of murder. The consciousness of innocence hardly afforded her the slightest consolation. In her own mind she was convinced that the revolver had not been fired by her hand, but a jury would judge by the evidence that would be brought before them. A moment's reflection revealed to her how perilous was her position. She had gone armed with a revolver to an interview with a man who possessed her secret—she had fled from the house under circumstances which were strongly suggestive of guilt! On her side she had no witnesses. The case for the prosecution seemed to shape itself out of facts which there was no gainsaying. The very deceit which she had recently practiced before the inspector and her husband, in permitting suspicion to rest upon an innocent person, would form another link in the chain of circumstantial evidence.

"THE PROUD LADY GROVELLED ON HER KNEES AT THE SERVANT'S FEET."

The poor lady realized all this, and in the midst of her agonized apprehensions, when her heart was wrung and her brain fevered by the prospect of the ordeal which awaited her, and the disgrace and misery it would entail upon those nearest and dearest to her, an unworthy thought, bred of sheer desperation, suddenly occurred to her. Evidently the police were convinced that it was her maid, Parker, who had visited the deceased man. Whatever the origin of the suspicion, the woman's eagerness to shield her mistress before the servants had placed her in an equivocal position. She had confessed that it was she who had been seen by the cook entering the house on that eventful evening; she had been absent from the servants' hall during the time that the tragedy took place; she had no evidence to account for her movements. The only person who could clear her was her mistress. If the woman sought to establish her innocence by relating what had really happened, who would believe her? What motive could she suggest to account for her mistress embarking on such an expedition? Lady Archdale perceived that if she remained silent Parker could neither implicate her nor clear herself.

The unhappy lady must not be judged too harshly for yielding, for a moment's space, to this terrible temptation. Even in her frenzy she never intended to allow Parker to suffer punishment in her place. If the worst came to the worst, and the woman were tried and adjudged guilty, then she—Lady Archdale—would come forward and confess everything. On the other hand, if she were acquitted, no harm would have been done. She would, no doubt, consider herself amply compensated by a substantial pecuniary reward. She had no social position to lose; no public scandal would be caused by her trial; after all, she had no husband or children to suffer; no damning secret to be dragged into the light of day.

By these sophistical arguments Lady Archdale was almost led away to perpetrate an act of meanness and treachery, the baseness of which, even in her half-delirious state, caused her better nature to revolt. She was seized with shame and horror at her ignoble conduct before the police inspector. She indignantly thrust from her the unworthy scheme which she had contemplated. The revulsion of feeling led her to abandon all idea of evading the consequences of her sin. Though she had suffered much in her conscience for many long and weary years, she had yet to suffer a thousand-fold more acutely through the disgrace and misery she would bring upon her family. She threw herself upon her knees, and passed hours humbling herself before Almighty God, supplicating for strength to bear her chastisement, scarce daring to plead for mercy and forgiveness now that He, in His justice, had brought her to the dust.

Lady Archdale was fortunately spared the bitter necessity of hiding her anguish and masking her face with a smile. Her daughters had gone out for the afternoon, and she was left undisturbed in her room, the servants imagining probably that their mistress had gone out also. It was not until the shades of the evening were descending into darkness that she was startled by the handle of her door being turned.

"It's me, my lady," said a voice—the voice of the woman Parker.

Lady Archdale rose and walked across the room. She was calmer now; a moment earlier she had imagined she could have met her fate without shrinking. Yet the sound of the maid's voice seemed to revive her agitation, and to set to flight her forced composure and courage. She steadied herself, however, and opened the door.

"They told me your ladyship was out," remarked Parker, staring at her mistress's white face and colorless lips.

She was rather an odd person, this woman Parker, middle-aged, reticent, and extremely surly in her manners. An excellent, trustworthy servant, but insensible, apparently, to sentiments of gratitude for kindnesses received. She seemed to tolerate rather than to like her mistress; to no other inmate of the house, except, perhaps, the Earl, did she condescend to be civil. Having no fault to find with the way she discharged her duties, Lady Archdale had kept her in her service for many years, but was from a sense of justice than from any special regard for her.

"I did not expect you would be back so soon," said Lady Archdale, nervously.

"What is the matter, my lady?" inquired Parker, still staring at her.

"An awful thing has happened, Parker!" exclaimed Lady Archdale, with a low moan.

She flung herself upon the sofa, and wrung her hands together, unable to proceed. Parker's wooden features maintained their stolid expression. She manifested neither curiosity nor alarm.

"An inspector of police has been here," resumed Lady Archdale, who could only bring herself to speak in monosyllabic sentences.

"The cook named the fact to me just now," said Parker.

Lady Archdale shrank beneath the woman's gaze. Something in her tone seemed to suggest that she already suspected her mistress of her meanness, and despised her.

"He came," continued Lady Archdale, keeping her eyes upon the floor—"he came about a death which occurred a few days ago in Coventry street. A man was found shot."

"Yes. I know all about him," said Parker, composedly.

"What did you say? exclaimed Lady Archdale, doubting if she heard aright.

"I know all about him. He was a great scoundrel. He called himself Marshall, but his real name was Shaw."

Parker related these facts without moving a muscle. Her mistress looked up at her in amazement.

"How did you know?" she inquired, startled into curiosity.

"Because he was my husband."

"Your—your husband!"

"Yes. My name is Emma Shaw. The police seemed to have found out that," explained Parker, evidently vexed with the police, but not otherwise perturbed.

"It's over the house now," she added resentfully, "and all because the man was foolish enough to have kept by him an old certificate of our marriage."

"I never knew," murmured Lady Archdale.

"I married him years ago, when I was traveling abroad with Lady Rose Weyland. He called himself a gentleman, and, like a fool, I believed him. Then he deserted me. I never troubled myself much about him, and went into service again. It's a good thing I didn't break my heart over him, for he was bad, and no mistake." Parker showed no emotion in relating her wrongs; probably she felt none. Her dry monotonous tone seemed to rob the recital of the faintest human interest. Lady Archdale's attention soon wandered to her own troubles.

"The police suspect you, Parker, of having killed him," interrupted Lady Archdale, almost before the woman had finished.

"The police are a pack of fools, saving your ladyship's presence," said Parker sharply. "Why, I've never seen nor heard from him for nearly twenty years—ever since I've been here."

"They have ground for their suspicions, Parker, I mean, I know, of course, you are innocent; but it happened that evening I went out. You recollect?" said Lady Archdale, speaking almost in a whisper.

"Yes, my lady," said Parker.

"He had written to me. Never mind what about. I went to see him."

"You, my lady!" interrupted Parker, for the first time evincing mild astonishment.

"Yes. You will remember that, at your suggestion, I wore an opera-cloak instead of a bonnet. From his lordship's study I took one of his revolvers out of his case."

Parker's quiet matter-of-fact tone and manner seemed to have infected her mistress, for Lady Archdale contrived to give a tolerably clear account of the events of that momentous evening. She described the interview, the man's threatening attitude, and the fatal accident which had resulted. Except that she was silent as to the purpose of her visit, she did not omit a single detail. But when she came to the end of the story her fortitude suddenly gave way, and her pent-up feelings found vent in piteous lamentations and heartrending expressions of despair and desolation. She became hysterical—she raved of the disgrace she had brought upon her husband and children; it was evident, indeed, that she was beside herself. She confessed to Parker the sin towards her which she had meditated, and the proud lady grovelled on her knees at the servant's feet and hid her face in the skirts of her garment.

It was a painful scene, and most people would have been deeply affected by it. Parker, however, showed neither sympathy nor concern. She did, indeed, in a rough way attempt to console her mistress; she raised her to a chair and administered *sal volatile* and water. But, save for a faint flush upon her cheeks, her demeanor was stolid and unmoved. When poor Lady Archdale, upon recovering somewhat from the paroxysm of despair and grief, glanced at her attendant's face, she shrank in dismay at the hard and composed expression it bore.

"It's just as well you told me that story, my lady," was the woman's only comment.

"Why?" gasped Lady Archdale.

"Because if I'm to be took up for what I didn't do, it is just as well I should know everything," she replied with a short laugh.

This answer seemed to Lady Archdale to seal her fate. Heaven knows what vain and futile hope had till that moment lurked behind her fears! Some vague expectation of active sympathy—some dim possibility of escape with this woman's aid? It is impossible, in fact, to define what never in reality existed. It was but a shadowy unsubstantial longing, identified somehow, with the maid Parker. Reason had told her that escape was out of the question, but her instinctive cowardice had fostered delusion.

And now the last frail straw had disappeared in the whirling, remorseless current which was carrying the poor lady on to destruction. Her maid's manner was cold and stern, her laugh sounded vindictive. Perhaps through all these years of silent servitude she had been cherishing a grudge against her mistress, and exulted, at present, in being the means of humiliating her. Lady Archdale had heard of cases of base ingratitude, and the base suspicion of such heartlessness enabled her to assume an appearance of composure. She rose from her seat and curtly bade Parker leave the room.

At that moment, however, came a knock at the door, and a servant's voice was heard, saying that the earl had returned and was in his study with the police inspector. His lordship requested that Parker might be sent down.

Lady Archdale looked at Parker, who turned and disappeared without a word. There was a grim smile upon her lips; for an instant her mistress hated her. But the next moment she felt remorseful and ashamed. Who was she that she should find fault with a fellow creature? Besides, she had wronged the woman by permitting her to remain until now under unjust suspicion. It was natural that Parker should not be backward in retaliating.

Considering the scene that was being enacted below, Lady Archdale was now wonderfully calm and composed. She seated herself in her armchair by the fireplace, and waited. The blood in her veins seemed to have turned to ice, and her frame was rigid and motionless. Otherwise she was hardly conscious of the fearful tension of mind which she endured. It is singular how, in supreme moments, trivial details will insist upon obtruding themselves. Lady Archdale was suffering a veritable purgatory; she had remarked a rent in one of the window-curtains, and found herself wondering how it came there. Similarly she noticed that the strike of the clock upon the mantlepiece had got out of tune, while the sound of a fall in the upper story aroused momentary apprehensions and speculations.

But all wondering thoughts vanished at the sound of a quick footstep on the stairs—a footstep which she knew—her husband's! Into a moment seemed concentrated all the agonies and torments of a lifetime. Lady Archdale could not remain seated; she uprose, and faced the door with her hand on her breast. The earl entered hurriedly, hardly pausing to knock. He was excited and breathless.

"My dear," he gasped, "the police were right. She has confessed. It was Parker who visited the deceased man that night. He was her husband—his real name was Shaw. He had written to her, and she went to him. She took my revolver from the case. The man threatened her, and she pointed it at him. He seized it from her hand, and being intoxicated, overbalanced himself and fell—Blanche! For God's sake! What is the matter! Hi! Help! Here! Help!"

* * * *

It is doubtful whether Lady Archdale heard more than the opening words of this revelation. Her eyes gradually dilated, and became fixed; her husband's exclamation of fear and dismay was caused by her suddenly sinking with a moaning cry upon the floor. Assistance was at hand, but at little did it avail that it was feared her ladyship was dead. Doctors and physicians were summoned; the house was in a commotion; the disappearance of Parker in the custody of the inspector became a trivial incident. And, in truth, the occasion was serious enough, for Lady Archdale lay for weeks afterwards unconscious, literally at death's door. It was the brain, the doctors said; and they held many consultations, and shook their heads; while the earl sat mournfully by his wife's bedside, or wandered aimlessly about the house and would not be comforted.

* * * *

At length came hope to relieve the gloom of deep anxiety; a very faint ray at first, which flickered a good deal before it gradually became strong enough to lighten all the loving, aching hearts which watched around Lady Archdale's bedside. The stage of convalescence was long delayed, and even when it came the patient was not in a condition to realize it. It was only slowly, very slowly, that her mental faculties asserted themselves and memory returned. But by and by Lady Archdale became conscious of other things besides the pleasant to-day, with its grateful sense of perfect rest and peacefulness. Scenes from her past life dimly presented themselves at odd moments to her mind, only to fade away like mental mirages when she attempted to realize them. But they grew stronger these scenes recurred more frequently, became more vivid and more enduring, until they gradually grouped, and formed themselves into a complete and consecutive chain of events.

This gradual process of awakening to reason at first robbed of its terrors the reminiscence of her secret, and the awful trouble it had involved. Everything seemed so dim, and distant, and vague, that she experienced no cause for alarm. But there came a day when a thrill of terror and dismay suddenly seized upon her. Was it true, then, this waking nightmare which had lately been haunting her? Had she, indeed, a life's secret? Had some one been killed, and was she really suspected of being a murderess? Was she disgraced and ruined; and had she brought her husband and children to shame? But no, it could not be! Her children did not shrink from her, neither did her husband. Parker was attending upon her, assiduous and silent as usual. Every one around her was tender, loving and respectful. It was all a sick fancy; her brain was still wandering a little!

After a while, however, she failed thus to satisfy the misgivings that occurred to her. She could not dismiss the dreadful story from her mind as an idle fancy. It impressed its reality upon her so strongly, that she longed to speak to some one upon the subject, but dared not. At length, one afternoon, as she lay with closed eyes and knitted brows puzzling over the harrowing problem, Parker's voice aroused her.

"I know what you are thinking of, my lady," said the woman, who had evidently been watching her troubled expression.

"You know, Parker!" exclaimed Lady Archdale, opening her eyes in terror.

"Yes, my lady. It's all right," explained Parker, in a matter-of-fact way. "The trial came on last week, and I was acquitted the very day that your ladyship recovered consciousness. The evidence of the doctors fully confirmed your ladyship's story of how the poor fellow died, and the jury acquitted me without leaving the box. Your ladyship's name was not mentioned or thought of all through the case."

"Oh! Parker! How can I thank you! How can I reward you!" murmured Lady Archdale, overcome by emotion, which almost choked her.

"Thank me, my lady! Lor', I didn't mind it! I never doubted they'd acquit me, said Parker, composedly.

The woman left the bedside as she spoke. Her mistress had feebly endeavored to grasp her hand, which caused Parker immediately to retire within herself. She abruptly resumed her sewing, peremptorily ordering the invalid not to talk any more.

But though not permitted to speak, Lady Archdale could think. Parker's explanation had recalled everything that had happened down to the moment of her illness; it had needed but a word to unloose the floodgates of her memory. She could no longer deceive herself; the worst fears that had haunted her were, it is true, robbed of their terrors, thanks to Parker's devotion; the risk of detection was no longer imminent, but there was her old enemy, the destroyer of her peace and happiness, her secret, staring her grimly in the face! Death had been merciful; it had spared her. But her secret was hard and relentless: it had no mercy; but would prove a life's burden to the end of time!

"I KNEW IT, MY DARLING WIFE; I KNEW IT YEARS AGO."

Had she been in health Lady Archdale would probably have now felt comparatively easy in her mind. The man who possessed her secret was dead; the threatened exposure and disgrace had—by Parker's noble self-sacrifice—been averted. As another had not scrupled to assume his name, it seemed probable that Archibald Hamilton was also dead. All the circumstances would have tended to reassure her, and to relieve her anxiety. But in her present state of mental and physical prostration she could command neither courage nor hopefulness. She was simply overwhelmed with misery and despair at the prospect of having still to suffer for her sin. Better to die, she thought, than to face the world again with this secret eating at her heart. She could not bear even to attempt it; the ordeal would be too much for her.

And then, quite suddenly, she decided to tell her husband everything. However much he might blame her, whatever would result, would be easier to bear than continued self-torture. All her former scruples, whether of foolish pride or false shame, seemed to have disappeared. Her only hesitation arose from the thought of causing her husband grief by her confession of deceit. But she was too weak, too miserable, too utterly cast down and abased, to be diverted from this new idea, which would at least relieve her sorely-tried conscience.

It was the earl's custom to sit by his wife's bedside for half an hour every day before leaving for the House. Latterly she had begun to take an interest in politics again, and to discuss with him, in a mild way, the questions of the hour. This day he was later than usual, though his wife was fortunately still in a feverish state. She knew, however, that he was busy preparing for a great debate, in which he was to take part that night. He appeared at last, and when they were alone, Lady Archdale said:

"Henry, I am grieved and ashamed to say that I have a wicked sin to confess to you."

"My dearest Blanche," exclaimed her husband, looking at her in alarm, "I am sure you have nothing to reproach yourself with."

"I am not wandering, Henry," she replied, reading his thoughts. "What I have to tell is unhappily true."

"Why?" he said, evidently unconvinced.

"I never told you, Henry, that before I married you I had already been married," she said averting her head, and beginning to tremble.

"I knew it years ago, my darling wife. I knew it years ago," said the earl calmly, as he took her thin transparent hands in his own, and caressed them; "I found it out before we were married."

"Henry!" gasped Lady Archdale in bewilderment.

"I never told you, my love, because I respected your secret, and did not wish to waken painful memories," said the earl, apparently struck by his wife's emotion.

"But—how did you find out?" murmured Lady Archdale.

"Your maid suspected, and told me. I bribed her to keep her suspicion to herself—she is dead now, poor thing—and caused inquiries to be made. I found out then why, for many years, you had refused all offers of marriage, and satisfied myself of poor Hamilton's death."

Amazement, incredulity, or deep absorbing interest kept Lady Archdale silent; she could only gaze at her husband open-mouthed, breathless, hanging on his words. After a pause the earl proceeded:—"There is little doubt, I fear, that poor Hamilton was murdered. He had a disreputable friend named Shaw—"

"Shaw!" ejaculated Lady Archdale, with a start.

"Eh! Ah! By the way," ejaculated the earl, "Shaw was the name of that poor fellow who was killed the other day—Parker's husband. But the man I am speaking of—well, it was years ago, as you know. He had disappeared when poor Hamilton's body was found leaving no trace."

"If I had only known what you tell me now!" exclaimed Lady Archdale, almost in a whisper, as her thoughts reverted to the past.

Her husband looked troubled and uneasy. A light seemed to be breaking in upon him.

"Perhaps I am to blame," he said gravely, after a pause, during which Lady Archdale lay silently thinking. "I—I meant for the best—assuming you had no misgivings, and out of regard for your feelings."

"You acted nobly, Henry, as you always do. It has been my own hand which has so cruly scourged me all these long years. I have suffered, but I have sinned," said Lady Archdale, moving her lips as though in silent prayer.

"My darling! My own wife! If I had only suspected this!" exclaimed the early, greatly upset. "You hid your sorrow too well—too well!"

"But it is over now, Henry," exclaimed Lady Archdale, her face flushed and her eyes strained fierce. "Oh! the blessed, blessed relief and happiness! A kind and noble husband, dear children, and a light heart. Every happiness that this world can give! Oh! the joy and pleasure of living! From this moment, my husband, I am young again."

Lady Archdale, profoundly touched, embraced his wife fervently; and the speech he made in the House that night was the most brilliant he had ever delivered.

THE END.

"BLANCHE! FOR GOD'S SAKE, WHAT IS THE MATTER?"

Blood Will Tell.

Charlie, age eight, brought home a slinking yellow pup, bow-legged, drooping tailed, and shamefaced. He cared for it tenderly, fixed a dry-goods box in the back yard for a kennel, and on every possible occasion exhibited the animal proudly. His sister, age eighteen, asked him facetiously:

"Where did you get that dog?"

"I bought him from a man for twenty-five cents," with the pride of ownership.

"Mercy! The idea of paying twenty-five cents for that horrible beast!"

Charlie's eyes flashed indignantly. "He isn't horrid. That shows how much a girl knows. The man told me he was a full-blooded cur."—*The Portfolio.*

Loses Strength in Translation.

An American joke sometimes loses itself through translation into another language. A naïve humorist wrote:

Notwithstanding that a lady should always be quiet and self-contained, she cannot even enter a place of worship without a tremendous bustle.

A French writer reproduces it in this form:

"According to an American author, the ladies of that country are so greedy of notoriety that they cannot enter the holy sanctuary without disturbing the kneeling worshippers with their vulgar and unseemly ado."—*Binghamton Republican.*

Twisting the Language.

Muscular Female.—Did you write that? (producing a clipping.)

Editor (reading).—"An attempt was made yesterday afternoon to cowhide the editor of this paper, but happily it was unsuccessful." Yes, I wrote it. Why?

Muscular Female.—Because it's going to (whack) succeed (whack) now, and (don't (whack) you forget it. I'm the sister of yesterday's operation, and (whack) I don't allow no sister of mine to be called a (whack) cow!—*Puck.*

Among the recent railway inventions which have attracted special attention is what is termed the anchor brake, to be used in cases of emergency. The plan involved in this case is that of having an anchor to drop from the rear end of a train and engage with the ties.

Jim Duffy's Wife.

The growth of Dead Man's Gulch had been sure and steady. It never had a boom, but instead a constant stream of incoming miners who stayed. Through the gulch a turbid, muddy creek, the Big Deal, rushed down to Stinking Water river. Along the creek, like ants, crowds of miners gathered, panning for gold. They had some boxes or cradles, but mostly pans, for there wasn't much room for improvements or time to spare to make them. Each man thought the gold wouldn't last and hurried to clutch all he could; but somehow the gold still glinted in the black sand, and Jim Duffy found a nugget worth three hundred dollars after he had been working six months; but then his claim was rather the best of the lot—sort of by itself at the head of the creek. When considerably in liquor Jim had given the money to his housekeeper, Miss Dumont. Jim was noted for his generosity and was well liked. The claim next to his belonged to Tom O'Connor; he and Duffy were chums and frequently got inebriated together, vowing eternal friendship, which, alas! came to an untimely end.

"He was as purty a corp as iver I see," said Miss Dumont.

It was a sunny April afternoon; a pleasant breath of Spring filled the gulch and made thirsty miners flock up to Pat Slack's saloon; they forgot how handy the water of the creek was, though it might have been too muddy for health. The golden Colorado sunset streamed in through the windows and doors, lighting up Miss Dumont's auburn hair; it had been called red by her enemies of the female persuasion, but envy is a strong microscope to personal defects. Miss Dumont said she belonged to a wealthy French family, and had a pathetic history of former greatness, which she retailed at great length after three glasses; but she spoke with a strong Irish accent, which the camp generously overlooked.

"He was a harn'sum corp," said Tom, mournfully; "and thing of him gittin' cold an dyin' —strong and healthy man, too. If you two hed fit I'd think you pisened him.

"Oh, indade!" snorted Miss Dumont.

"No offense; I knowed you was fren'ly. I seen him give yer the three hun'red. Duffy," Tom went on passing his empty glass, "was like this yer gulch. There was qual'ties hid in him like the gold in the erik, pannin' rich ter the finder. Like this gulch, them qual'ties mighder bin hid fur all time if sum'un hadn't found him out."

"An' thet sum'un I" suggested a cross-eyed man.

"Was me, his chum," said Tom tilting back against the wall. "Nights we'd git talkin', lyin' out on the ground, lookin' up inter them solemn stars fur where the high, black mountains along the gulch. 'Tom,' he'd say, 'I wan't allus a tough like this. I was a happy, innercent b'y, havin' as good a father and mother as enny one ever had, and I was contented ter help 'em on their nice farm in Iowy, workin' like a ploughhorse jest fur my board, but as satisfied as a—a chipmunk'."

This simile was approved by all.

"'Then,' Duffy 'ud say, gittin' louder and settin' up mad-like, 'I went an' merried a shedevil.'"

A sigh of experience echoed through the saloon.

"Merrige is more deceivin' nor faro, wuss'n poker with Jim Duffy a-dealin'," said Si Strong, a thin-faced man with a goatee.

"You bet; a losin' game whar a sensible man knows he's playin' ter lose," said a fat, bearded man known as the cap'en, having gained his title from war reminiscences of doubtful authenticity.

"'She druv me out inter the wurld,' Duffy 'ud say, mournful-like, 'away from them lovin' old people and that there comfortable farm, and made me an outcast on the face of the airth; I ain't a good man,' Duffy 'ud say—"

"'Hadn't warn'e," added Strong.

"But she's the cause; I tuk ter licker, wimmen (Tom looked uncomfortably at Miss Dumont), and gamblin'."

"Derned cheat," said a hoarse voice, which was silenced immediately by general disapproval.

"Whatever he was, he's dead," said the cap'en; "a hoss thief's entitled ter consideration when he's some feet under ground."

"Wal," said Tom, "Duffy 'ud plead with me not ter let that wife of his git his claim if enny thin' 'ud happen ter him; he didn't 'low he was goin' ter work fur her. You all see how free he was with his money, against her gittin' it. I never thort he'd die, though, but I done the squar' thing. I nailed his cabin up; I kept watch of his claim, and I sent word to the town in Iowy he sed he hailed from ter the effect he'd parsed in his checks and clim' the range and I'd give four hundred dollars ter the purp'ty he'd left behind him, but hain't," said Tom, walking to the door, "got no answer yit, and don't hardly know what ter do, he havin' left no will."

"that claim by rights b'longs ter me," snapped Miss Dumont; "you had no rignt ter nail thet cabin up neither. I b'lave yer'rpin' ter git it fur yerself. Who iver hurd of honesty in the Irish?"

"You'd oughter known 'em if enny one," said Tom, smiling, "bein' Irish yerself and not havin' a reputation fur squar' dealin'—"

His answer was a swiftly flung beer mug. He dodged it gracefully.

"I'd like ter scratch yer eyes out," said Miss Dumont, much flushed.

"You couldn't reach," laughed Tom. He stood in the sunlight, as handsome a picture of manhood as one would wish to see. Six feet two in his stockings, broad-shouldered and straight, with blue Irish eyes, black hair and mustache. A young giant, yet as tender-hearted as a woman.

"Hullo! what's that!" he said suddenly.

Descending the rough mountain trail at the head of the gulch was a white covered emigrant wagon drawn by a yoke of red cows, followed, uncared for bovines, far and big, seeming woefully out of place in this wild region. The door of the saloon was crowded now with curious watchers. The man who was driving the oxen halted them before Duffy's cabin. Then a tall, thin woman got out of the cart. Her head was buried in the unfathomable depths of a sunbonnet. She read the notice on the cabin door, and to the point—"Jim Duffy's cabin. Leave it alone or git shot."—burst the door open with a few well-directed blows from a hammer and went in. She soon returned, maneuvered the oxen and wagon around to the back door beyond the range of the many watchers, who could not see further developments.

"She's come herself," said Tom lugubriously. "Served yer right, sendin' thet foul notis and them other tricks," snarled Miss Dumont; she'd better kape away from me, I'll give her her know that."

"She wun't trouble you," said Tom; "she's spectable e'f she's a devil; most of 'em is." There was a vagueness about this remark denoting Tom's mind was up the gulch.

"We don't know who she is," said the cap'en pompously; mebbe she's an innocent."

"Guess not; that sunbunnit and skimpy caliker gives her likeness ter the life," said Tom.

"Duffy said she was as ugly as they make 'em and he married her when he was drunk. Duffy never hed no discrimmanashun 'bout wimmen"—with a sly glance at glaring Miss Dumont and a quick dodge.

"The citizens of this gulch deputes you ter go down to Duffy's claim and find out who that woman is and what rights she's got thar," said Mr. Strong, who had run for sheriff once and though worsted felt the power and language of an official representing the law when occasion warranted.

"I'm blanked e' I don't," said Tom, carelessly, and strolled down the gulch. They watched him go up to the cabin door, saw it open a crack and some papers handed out. Mr. O'Connor looked at them, then slowly returned to the saloon.

"When I knocked," he said, "some 'un opened the door, slid out a merriage 'stificate and a paper signed by Lawyer Thomas, of Elizabeth, thats Mis' Duffy hed a right ter ths prop'ty, and that was all.

He was commiserated by some, jeered at by others, while Miss Dumont loudly proclaimed that it served him right. Later on they saw a ranchman from the plains ride down and drive the old oxen up the gulch.

"Sumthin' mean as if I could see the homesickness of them critters from here," said Tom, pitifully; "them honest old farm-raised steers ain't comin' ter this wild place an' Bill Bush a proddin' of 'em on as they was wild Texans, and them wonderin' what in h——t all means.

The big red-haired woman in calico took possession of Duffy's claim, his pan and belongings. She wore long rubber boots, a short skirt and the sunbonnet—a hideous figure. The miners looked and laughed.

"I don't blame Duffy fer runnin' off from that," said the cap'en; "I call it a dime museum freak."

She was rather slow with the pan, sitting down to rest frequently and straightening up her back wearily. In the afternoon Tom's chivalrous soul moved him to courtesy. He went over.

"Mebbe I could show yer a few tricks of that pan as 'ud make it easier," he said, kindly.

The sunbonnet shook a decided no.

"Why don't that man what come with yer yerself jump ter work here? This ain't no job fur wimmen."

"Git out, said a singularly coarse voice, and Tom retreated.

Week after week went on and the calico figure and sunbonnet was its post, getting more skillful every day. No one ever saw her face, the inside of her bonnet, or heard her enter the cabin, except that the big man, the same who drove the oxen was frequently seen going and out of the door or high up on the mountains on moonlit nights or early dawn.

"She's a nigger," the cap'en announced triumphantly one day: "her hands is coal black."

"I'ey ain't," said Tom, shortly; "them's rubber gloves, but she's wuss'n a nigger; I see her the other day."

Did a north" said the cap'en, respectfully. A feeling of deep interest crept over the crowd and hushed all to a deathlike silence. "She's a white-livered witch," said Tom, spitting on the floor. "I went over on a pretense of arskin' how she was gittin' along. I peeked under the bunnit; why, she's seventy years old by the wrinkles, brown as a bejun; one eye is stove out, and she's got great yaller tusks stickin' outer her mouth two inches or more."

Some weeks after this vivid description, which was readily accepted, wild yells and shrieks were heard in Duffy's lonely cabin, so that the most indifferent listener was filled with uncomfortable presentiments. Then the man was seen no more, but the calico-shrouded woman still continued her monotonous swashing for gold in the creek.

One July afternoon Tom O'Connor struck it rich. He had left the creek in disgust. That woman's silence and unneighborly manner had driven him away. Whatever he was, his presence had been a protection to her. After he was gone oaths and rude jests reached her ears. Whether she was afraid or not no one knew. She worked steadily on, but one day they noticed she had a revolver in her belt. Tom found silver instead of gold; he took an abandoned mine, worked for two months into the heart of the hill, then he came galloping down to the camp on a mangy old mule and told the boys his luck.

"I oughter give the old gal a thousand or so," he said, in the flush of his prosperity. "She drove me away from my claim; the old witch hoodooed me.

He treated the gang royally; there wasn't a sober man in the gulch at sundown. All quit work in the afternoon save that silent woman. Tom could not but notice that she looked nervously towards the saloon and fingered her revolver when the yelling and shouting grew. After supper Tom flung himself upon a bunk in the bankeeper's room. He was worn out with excitement and long nights of work. After one hour or two he dreamed Duffy's wife was in a burning hut and the mob had surrounded it to keep her from escaping, yelling fiercely. He woke covered with perspiration. Hark! There was a shouting. He jumped to his feet and flung open the window. A black mass, lit up by a few flickering torches, was moving up to Duffy's cabin.

"She's a woman, whatever she is," cried Tom. "and ye mun stick licker. Duffy couldn't think me a sneak to him fur a act of common humanity I'd show to a dorg, and she is a kinder game, too, a-livin' here 'ginst public opinion."

He was already dressed, and flung himself eight feet to the ground, then ran on after the mob. He was a splendid athlete, so he won in the race, and gained the steps of Duffy's cabin the first of all. There he faced the riotous, drunken crowd, few of whom had any idea of what they were going to do. He heard shrill voices of women, and Miss Dumont forced herself to the front.

"What's all this fur?" said Tom, coolly; he was rather pale, and panted a little. He left one hand in his pocket resting on a Colt's six-shooter.

"We don't want no characters like her in this camp," said the cap'en with maudlin slowness; "t'ain't only thet she's drove off a pre-misin' citi—citizen outer the gulch, but she was the prime—prime (primeval was too much, so he dropped it effectively)—the prime cause of Duffy's death. She keeps a rough place; the sleep of our citi—citizens is broke by yellin' from her cabin. The p'inion of the com—community, not-ee-ein' the man as druv them oxen inter the gulch, is she's got him onter his back by drugs, and is tor—torterin' of him ter death."

"Tar and feathers!" shouted someone in the crowd.

"What yer goin' to do, all helpless great men, 'ginst that one mighty powerful woman?" said Tom, his firm lips curling in scorn.

"Outer the way, you ain's boss o' this camp yit?" yelled the cross-eyed man.

"I'm boss of this step, though," said Tom, "and the back door's nailed up; I seen her doin' it long ago.

"What's one man 'ginst a hundred? Drive him away," said Miss Dumont, who seemed to have retained her ancient spite.

"Git outer the way peaceable," said Si Strong, thickly, steadying himself against the wall of the hut; "e' yer hain't no interest in the morals o' this camp the rest on us has; t'ain't fair, pard."

"Yer only one man 'ginst the public," said the cap'en.

"Move off," cried the crowd; "we're goin' ter set Duffy's wife outsider the gulch; that's all we want."

The men surged nearer. Tom's quiet right hand came out of his pocket suddenly, a dangerous light blazed in his handsome eyes, a murderous revolver face the crowd, "There's two of us here," said Tom calmly; "the first on that step is dead man."

A confusion, angry murmur followed.

"I hate ter git ter the women; I'm willin' to a compromise," said Tom. "I'm in favor of her leavin' camp. You all know I was Duffy's chum, but I hain't goin' to have it git round all I done turned on one helpless woman or hag, whatever she is. I'll bust that door in, runnin' reaks of gittin' shot, for she's allus armed, e' you will save her the trouble outside. I'll giv her time to git reddy and we'll escort her to the edge of the gulch, decent-like. Fys, I hed an idea she was a witch, an' no one can't say but what I done the squar by her, and she'd turn in her grave e' she knowed I'd hurt a poor, friendless critter, a woman like she, a little innercent girl-child, no matter what she is now."

After some demur his offer was accepted with solemn promises they would all stay outside.

The rotten door yielded at one push from his massive should. The miners crowded the doorway, and some broke the window glass, tearing the green paper curtains away. A sea of unfriendly faces, men at every crevice, every chance for a look.

The hut only had one room. Its walls and ceilings were logs; a blackened fireplace held a few battered old cooking utensils, and boxes were the only seats. One bed was made into a figure, the big man who drove the oxen. He was white and thin, looking like a living skeleton. He glanced at the crowd with unmeaning dark eyes; but for this they would have thought that he was dead. In a queer old arm chair—how many such had those men seen in the old farm kitchens of their boyhood?—sat a man, his long white hair mingling with his white beard. His sunken eyes looked piteously at the crowd while his trembling hands seemed to draw the quilt closer about him. A cracked bowl half full of corn meal gruel stood on a box beside him. A poor old home cat, brought away from Iowa, glared at the intruders, the fur erect on her lean sides and back. Standing by the fire, her elbow on the mantel, was Duffy's wife, still in the skimpy calico, a long dress this time, for the rubber boots were drying by the fire; the inevitable sunbonnet covered her head.

Tom stepped in the room of the man and looked about him. It was all so pitifully poor, yet neat and clean, with an air of purity he had never seen in any other cabin. The open cupboard door showed only a little meal in the corner of a paper sack. Were they really without food? He coughed huskily, looked at the old man and the quiet woman; then he took his sombrero off. The crowd grew impatient.

"Tell 'em what yer come fur," they shouted; "this 'yere scene's a put up job o' hern."

"We've come, miss—missus," said Tom slowly, "to tell ye the camp has decided you ain't fit fur to live in the place—yer influence is damagin. We'll escort ye peaceably outer the gulch if you'll move ter once. I can't hold 'em in check e' yer don't. This 'ere compromise was fur on my part."

"Tear that sunbunnit off her!" shricked Miss Dumont.

The crowd took up the cry.

"I've told yer what she was," said Tom, savagely. "What's the good of bein' rough?"

The poor old man strove to speak, but his white lips could not form words. She bent over, whispered to him, then cocked the revolver in her hand.

"No shootin', missus," said Tom, gently; "I ain't afeered of ye—wimmen ain't much of shots, as a gineral rule, and ye might hit the old one or him in the bell there. Gimme the gun genteel like. They shan't hurt ye. I'd be sore wounded the wust cuss 'mongst 'em I couldn't answer fur yer life or the old one's neither."

He stepped towards her and held his hand for the weapon. She gave it to him silently. When he turned back to the door to allow her room to get ready to leave she followed him.

"It's no use," she said in a trembling voice; "it's all against me. You're not men, you're cowardly brutes, you're drunkards and gamblers. Those women there are so low I would not touch them nor take bread from their sinful hands if I were starving. You would drag my bonnet off, you would make me out a hideous hag, a wicked woman, because Jim Duffy, a thief, a cheat and a liar, told you so. You would torture a defenceless woman that never harmed any of you, never asked pity of you. A woman that never reeled drunken about the town in gaudy finery, in painted sin. Look at me, then look at the creatures out there with you, then tell me if Jim Duffy is a liar or not!"

She flung her bonnet on the floor with a quick, nervous jerk. When hard those rough men were so winsome' so pure a face! The sad eyes were as blue as the Colorado sky, her hair as yellow as the gold they sought, and her soft, pale cheek as pure as snow.

"Crowd there and look at me," she cried in the dignity of her insulted womanhood, her noble, beautiful face scorning them with its expression, in every glance of her beautiful eyes. "Look at this miserable hut, the empty cupboard. Look at this helpless old man, bedridden for years. Look at the other, the idiot. Yes, he shrieks at night. Why? From terrible pain, from hourly agony, that would make you men sick to witness. Look at the poor hag. Why? When they were lads, not twenty, Jim Duffy pushed him from a hayloft, ruined him for life, because his father liked the brothel best. Jim Duffy forged his father's name and ruined him. He told you my ugliness drove him West. I drove the law drove him here, among other vile men like he was, who wanted to honor his saintly memory—drunken and maudlin all of them—by driving his helpless widow out to starve. Jim Duffy's father died of a broken heart. I was a school teacher when I married him, only fifteen. I didn't know how base a man could be. For the sake of money and lands, me, a wife of a year, I've supported his parents, his idiot brother. When he (with a scornful look at Tom, who bowed his head in shame) wrote me Jim was dead we'd lost the farm, Jim's mother was dead, and so we set out for here. We left starvation behind, to find starvation and brutality here. I tried to pray, I thought if the claim was worth four hundred dollars to him I could make a living. I didn't know (piteously) how hard the work was—it's all a failure. I kept my sunbonnet on, for the lawyer at Elizabeth told me it wasn't safe to come here, as young as I am, with no protector. The lawyer was right. He said the men were rough and lawless. I say they are cowards—the scum of the East. Drive us out of your camp—the helpless old man, and would-be murderer; but don't say," she finished, looking at them all with brave, slow fire, "that I was afraid of you, that I had any other feeling for you but disgust and con tempt."

Had she been less beautiful, less cruelly wronged, her life then would not have been safe.

She went back to the old man. Very quiet and cool she was, but her small hand on the old man's head trembled slightly.

"Madam," said the cap'en, stepping into the room, his hat in his hand, "we were rough, pardon; we believe yer. This is the meanest job this ere camp was ever guilty of. We'll all oughter to be on our knees to yer, but I do say on our side of it, e' you only knew that bunnit off afore, ev'ry man in the camp 'ud panned yer gold fur ye 'thout charge and dug up Jim Duffy's corp and hove it out ter the wultures of the mornin'."

The cap'en wiped his forehead after this fine point. He looked very neat, as well as a fat man in shabby clothes and blue flannel could.

She waved him to the door. "No matter how a woman looks," she said in her indignant young voice, "no matter how wrinkled and old she is, a gentleman gives her respect because she is a woman—the sex of his mother; only the savages are brutes to women."

"The sentiments of the camp is humbly 'polegetical," said Si Strong at the window; "we're goin' to draw up a resolution to that effect." This was a delicate manoeuvre to drive the crowd away. The cap'en followed and remarked afterward he would rather have been kicked, and that they all sunk back like liked whipped curs.

Tom went to the window and tried to replace the torn curtain; then he shook up the pillows of the sick man. "He's fur gone," he said softly. Duffy's wife went up to the bed.

"It's for the best, God help us, father and me," she said brokenly.

"You kin let me hard t'er-night," he muttered, smoothing the dying man's hand, "I deserved it."

"You saved my life, all our lives," she said quickly; "I always felt safe in the gulch when you were there."

"But I was agin' ye."

"Being Duffy's chum and friendly to him, is was natural. I was rude."

"You had to be," with an admiring glance, "you was too good-looking for the camp.

"Yet you said I had tusks, one eye and was seventy years old," she said wickedly.

Tom went to the door suddenly.

"I'm a wuss liar'n Jim Duffy. I'll stay outside to be called e' wanted. I know I ain't agreeable to yer. The cap'en said he was willin' ter bet—as he went away—that I'd peeked under yer bunnit and knowed how harnsum ye was, but I heddent, and I made that yarn up bout ye jest to be entertainin', that's all; I'll swar it."

"Please come back," she said, penitently; "I was only in fun."

They watched by the dying man's bedside for two long hours. The childish old father had fallen asleep, his cat at his feet. Through the broken window a chill air crept, the presage of coming winter. The wind moaned among the pines like the echo of the mighty ocean that had left this only reminiscence in the land once its bed. The big red-haired giantess sat the window as it had years and years ago in a garret room where two little lads were sleeping as happy as little Cain and Abel might have been when they first looked on life with innocent loving eyes. Jim Duffy's brother looked up suddenly, lifted one thin hand to clasp a woman's, she who had been most to him on earth. "Dear Dolly!" he said, a bright, fleeting gleam of sense in his dim eyes. That was all. She did not cry; she looked at the still face, folded the worn hands on his breast.

"It is best, there is nothing for us but poverty and suffering, but oh, I shall miss him so. He tried so to help me in his poor dumb way."

"Let me help you, Missus Duffy," said Tom, awkwardly; "I've struck it rich; I owe it to you."

"Not, from Jim Duffy's friend," she said quickly, "nor don't call me his name, I can't bear it."

"You'd oughter think of the man," he suggested.

For answer she flung herself by the dead man's bed and burst into passionate weeping.

"Don't git mad with me," he pleaded, much dist'ressed. "I meant it well; don't hate me."

coming nearer: "don't cry, poor little thing; don't cry, Dolly." He stooped down and raised her gently, then by sudden impulse caught her to his breast. "Dolly, Dolly!" he cried fiercely, "I love you more than I can tell; you're more to me than the mine. I've been took with yer spunk allus; it seems sure I'd been sent to protect ye. I love you, Dolly; you shall be my wife, never no more Jim Duffy's. I can't love ye like this 'thout you keerin' a leetle fur me; I'm g'ood all round."

She lifted her tear wet face to the handsome one so near.

"I loved you from the first, Tom, and I can't, can't, help givinz in, but to saddle you with us all—father—"

"You beautiful Dolly," he laughed, holding her tighter, "if we ever git poor you can pan in the short caliker and the sunbunnit, and you've got ter begin right off ter give me larnin' to be good enough for you."

The next morning Tom went down to the saloon. He had hired the only vehicle in the camp, and was clothed for traveling.

"Got the reputation of 'pology drawn up?" he asked cheerfully.

"Jest finished it," said Si Strong, with a sigh of relief. He and the cap'en had apparently been wallowing in ink. Tom read the paper carefully.

"It's pretty neat," he said thoughtfully, "jest change that please, there. Then I'll take it to her. She'd rather not see enny of ye arter last night, Bill Davis is a goin' ter cart him down ter Elizabeth, wiles I drive her and the old man in Sandy Maloney's rig.

"What'll we chanze?" asked the cap'en anxiously. He thought the document a work of art and genius.

"Jest this, 'The pologies of Dead Man's Gulch is humbly and unanimous yer concerned to Jim—' There that's it. Scratch out and write this in place of it, 'is offered to Missus Tom O'Connor, not Duffy's wife."

Seeking Safety.

Anarchist—"Gretchen, gif me a clean white shirt!"

Wife—"Vat! Haf you lost your senses, Adolph?"

Anarchist—"Nein; but, since dot execution vo Anarchists haf to go in disguise."

JOHN W. SCALES

WHOLESALE TOBACCONIST

AND

TOBACCONISTS' SUPPLIES

14 King Street E.

TORONTO.

TORONTO

Steam Laundry

54 WELLINGTON STREET WEST

Will shortly remove to their new premises, erected specially for the Laundry business, York Street, a few doors north of King Street.

G. P. SHARPE.

OFFICE OF

R. Walker & Sons

GOLDEN LION.

33 to 37 King Street East, and Colborne Street.

TORONTO, Nov. 24th, 1887.

DISSOLUTION OF PARTNERSHIP SALE

FOR SIXTY DAYS.

The firm of Messrs. R. Walker & Sons, Toronto and London, being about to dissolve partnership, by the retiring of some of the partners, and as they require about

ONE HUNDRED THOUSAND DOLLARS

to settle up with the retiring ones, they now decide to offer the whole stock of

READY-MADE CLOTHING, DRY GOODS, CARPETS, MILLINERY, HOUSE FURNISHINGS, AND MANTLES

at a reduction of

Ten Per Cent. off Their Regular Prices for Prompt Cash.

As they import their goods direct from the manufacturers of Europe and sell regularly at usual wholesale prices, this reduction insures to the public goods at such prices as no house in Canada can afford to sell at in the regular way of trade. Only this extraordinary circumstance causes them to make this offer for the next two months. Don't neglect the opportunity.

NEARLY $400,000 WORTH OF DRY GOODS, CLOTHING, MILLINERY, MANTLES, CARPETS AND CURTAINS.

All at Wholesale Prices, and a Present made you of One Dollar out of every Ten Dollars you spend. Come early and secure first choice of the stock.

R. WALKER & SONS, THE GOLDEN LION

Dundas Street, LONDON. 33, 35, 37 King Street, and Colborne Street, TORONTO.

GREAT SALE

OF

OVERCOATS

NOW GOING ON

AT

OAK HALL

Every Overcoat to be sold at

Net Wholesale Prices

AND UNDER,

Until the whole are completely cleared out. Those in need of a Winter Overcoat should call at our stock before they buy.

OAK HALL,

115 to 121 King Street East,

TORONTO.

WILLIAM RUTHERFORD,

MANAGER.

Knox

THE FURRIER AND HATTER,

Queen Street West, a Few Doors West of Yonge,

Is now showing a full line of

Ladies' and Gents' Fur Goods, Fur Trimmings, &c.

Prices much below down-town houses. Quality just as good.

Special parlor for Ladies.

AN IMMENSE ASSORTMENT OF

GENTS' FUR CAPS

A CALL SOLICITED.

THE TORONTO SATURDAY NIGHT

EDMUND E. SHEPPARD, - - Editor.

SATURDAY NIGHT is a twelve-page, handsomely illustrated paper, published weekly and devoted to its readers.

Office, 9 Adelaide Street West, Toronto,

Subscriptions will be received on the following terms:

One Year	$2 00
Six Months	1 00
Three Months	50

No subscription taken for less than three months.

Advertising rates made known on application at the business office.

THE SHEPPARD PUBLISHING CO. (LIMITED), Proprietors

VOL. I.] TORONTO, DEC. 10, 1887. [No 2.

Success of Saturday Night.

Nothing could have been more surprising or gratifying to the publishers of SATURDAY NIGHT than the immense success of the first issue. Ten thousand copies were printed with the expectation of having to make considerable gratuitous distribution in order to introduce the new venture, but it had not been on the street one hour before it was apparent that the whole edition would find sale. Four thousand copies were placed in the hands of newsagents throughout the city and country, and the balance, excepting 500, which have been reserved for sending to our contemporaries, have been sold by the newsboys on the streets of Toronto. This unparalled reception of a new enterprise will nerve the publishers to make increased efforts to make SATURDAY NIGHT an illustrated, literary and society journal without a superior on this continent. When we have secured the latest art appliances of the age, and have completed all the mechanical departments, the appearance of the paper will be very much improved. A certain amount of time is needed to arrange those details which crop up after the first issue of every new paper. Until the completion of all our arrangements, we must ask our readers to bear in mind that both the literary and artistic features that we now present are only a foretaste of what we intend to provide.

This issue, numbering 15,000, like the first will bear the marks of haste and crudity, but we would be insensible of the future that is in store for SATURDAY NIGHT and ungrateful for the patronage which is already assured us, if anything were left undone which would tend to make this paper as nearly as possible perfect in all its departments.

Already the business men of Toronto have observed not only the quantity but the quality of our circulation, and are bestowing upon it a liberal patronage. Every shrewd advertiser must see that a paper of this class reaches those who make the best customers. There is not the slightest doubt that a high-class and high-priced journal, containing nothing in its business columns but strictly clean and purely commercial announcements, circulating widely amongst those who have money, is a more valuable advertising medium than the daily papers are, where an advertisement has of necessity to be very large or be lost in a sea of other display matter.

Thanks, Kind Friends!

To the Public:

The warm welcome and generous reception given to the first issue of SATURDAY NIGHT made it an assured success and have proven to me that there is room and a place in Canadian journalism for a high-class literary and society paper, and that my old friends do not intend to desert me. In accepting a portion of the success of this new enterprise as an evidence of the kindness of those who have been my readers so long and have so often helped me to bear the journey over the rough places of life I am moved to say "Thank you," directly and personally, without the intervention of any editorial formality. The reading public of this city and province has always been so kind and indulgent to me that this new mark of their confidence and sympathy, coming at a time when I have had so many misfortunes and discouragements, is unspeakably grateful. I have always sincerely tried to be on the side of right, and I believe the public will recognize this, though a majority have doubtless had frequent reason to forgive what they considered my mistakes. This latest manifestation of kindness and confidence more than ever strengthens my resolve to merit the esteem of those who have been so kind.

It is sometimes hard to do right. When a man is rich and prosperous, temptation, doubtless comes to him: when he is poor and struggling temptation is his companion and bedfellow. Whenever things go swimmingly and one is surrounded by good people, wrong-doing seems a most hideous thing, particularly when right-doing pays so well. We often wonder how it is men act so meanly and dishonestly, and yet, perhaps, if we enquired into their circumstances, much could be found to palliate their sin; and the more we understand of these things the less regard have we for the virtue that has not been tempted and the righteousness that has never been tried.

Many men with unfortunate surroundings have become discouraged and disheartened in the fight for principle and right because they felt that no one cared. Of the thousands of wrecks that strew the wayside the great majority lay down and died because their struggles were unheeded or sneered at. In business very few "good Samaritans" pause on the Jericho road to raise the fallen or sympathize with the wounded. But few yield to temptation of money or passion without a hard struggle, in which sympathy and kindness would have saved them. Merit has often been dismayed by the coldness of those to whom it has appealed. Enterprises which deserved life and success have made dismal failure because those upon whom they depended were so slow to respond, and many a soul writhes in sorrow waiting simply for the touch of a kind hand to make it arise and rejoice.

My manner of life has led me to see so much of these things that a manifestation of special kindness and interest towards one meriting it so little as myself, has affected me far more than I can express. If anything will make a man try to do right it is because people expect him to, and if one sinner has more to answer for than another it is the one who has had every chance given him by his fellow men to behave himself. I feel that this is the kind of a sinner I am and I propose to merit the confidence and repay the kindness of those who have done so much for me by doing the very best I can to always advocate the right and condemn the wrong.

I believe SATURDAY NIGHT will be a great success, and that its prosperity will arise from the faith that you feel that it will be conducted editorially in the public interest. I feel that there is a place for it, and that you are willing to assist its endeavor to achieve success. I feel, too, that I am bound by every tie of gratitude and self-interest to serve the public faithfully. And again thanking you,

I am, yours sincerely,
EDMUND E. SHEPPARD.

Pulpit Sketches.

This week there appears in SATURDAY NIGHT the first of a series of pulpit sketches, which will include criticisms of both the subject matter of sermons and the elocutionary style of the leading preachers of Toronto.

The sketches will discuss the structure of the sermon and the elocution of the speaker in a kindly spirit, pointing out the mannerisms which almost invariably mark the style of those who for years have been appearing before the public.

Each article will be illustrated by half a dozen outline sketches of the attitudes and gestures of the speakers.

This novel class of pulpit criticism will be good-natured and artistic, not dealing with sectarian, or even theological points. It will be admitted that a few such careful little studies will perhaps prove beneficial to our pulpit orators, who will thus be able to see and hear themselves as others see and hear them, and no one will be vexed except perhaps those who too often feel if they do not repeat the old Scotchman's prayer, "Oh, Lord, gie us a richt gude opinion o' oursel's."

The Newsboys.

It was an amusing thing last Saturday to see how quickly the newsboys found out the possibilities of profit of selling SATURDAY NIGHT. A great many of these little merchants, than whom there are none shrewder or quicker to see the prospect of gain, abandoned the sale of every other paper and devoted their entire energy to selling SATURDAY NIGHT. As they crowded the office it was most interesting to hear them discussing the possibilities of the paper and at night boasting of their sales and calculating on the increase they expected from the sale of this week's issue. Not content with the profits of Saturday and thoroughly alive to the interest that was being taken, they continued purchasing and selling SATURDAY NIGHT until Wednesday evening, a thing unheard of before in the history of any newspaper enterprise. And it really puzzling to account for their success in selling a paper three days old.

Journalistic Changes.

The starting of *The Empire* here will cause a number of changes in the local newspaper world. L. P. Kribs, the golden and colossal-haired humorist, has been taken from *The World* to be its city editor. Harry Good, than whom there is no better sporting authority in Canada, will leave *The Mail* for *The Empire* and a big salary. Charles Napier Pirie, the police man of *The News*, and in his line the best in Toronto by long odds, will do *The Empire's* police work. J. B. McLean has been engaged for the financial editing, and Frank Krantz will paw flimsy i' the night. *The Empire* is starting out with a strong staff, and if brains can make it go it should be a big success. Liberal salaries are being paid and its reporters are wearing happy smiles and new clothes.

Mary Anderson.

Mary Anderson, a portrait of whose lovely face illumines the first page, is doubtless one of the most pure and beautiful women who ever appeared on the stage. Though her beauty in repose is of a cold, statuesque kind, her wonderfully artistic attitudes and glorious features have moved the hearts of thousands, while her own seems to remain untouched, and she has no doubt resolved to be one of the few great actresses who will not support a slothful and sponging husband. In this respect she has had warnings enough, than whom there is no more illustrious example than Mrs. Scott-Siddons, the accomplished lady who so recently delighted Toronto audiences. And Mr. Siddons is but a fair sample of many of the men, who have persuaded beautiful and accomplished women to marry and support them.

Talk for Travelers.

The commercial travelers' baseball club will have its annual benefit at the Toronto Opera house on Tuesday night of Christmas week. Carl the Peddler will be the attraction. The prospects are good for a big turnout and a good time, as all the members of the club are pushing the benefit as hard as they can.

To-day and next Saturday the travelers will flock in from the country, and flood the town with stories until they are ready to go out with their spring samples after the holidays.

Mr. James Cunningham, a popular young knight of the grip, well known through his connection with Fisher & Fisher and Gale & Co., left the latter firm last week to look after sample cases for Wyld, Grassett & Co.

It is the intention of the publishers of SATURDAY NIGHT to keep on hand when possible sufficient back numbers to supply their readers with the commencement of all the stories or to complete the files of those who wish to have this journal bound.

At the Metropolitan.

INTRODUCTORY.

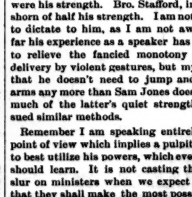
Last Sunday night I dropped into the Rev. Mr. Stafford's church to hear him discourse on "Civic Responsibilities." The stranger seems welcome there, and is at once impressed with the feeling that it is a well-managed church. As the immense congregation gather into the spacious and handsome auditorium, I had an opportunity of noting the general demeanor of the throng, and I could not but observe that it was less devotional than is the ordinary Methodist assemblage. I do not propose to search for the reason, but I was impressed with the fact, and also with the circumstance, that, despite the pastor's appeal, more than one hundred remained for communion.

Every pew was filled; and as the hundreds were quietly seated in the gallery, no one could fail to be impressed with the power wielded by the man who every week holds so large an audience. Around me sat wealth and influence, and gray heads and shrewd faces, well-known in the brokers' offices and markets, could be seen in the repose, which betokens a sense of proprietorship and comfort that never beams on the countenance of a man who is not at home in his pew.

The church, with its warm, reddish interior furniture, is more of the hall than the cathedral, and the lights massed around the supporting pillars increases this effect. The oak organ, with its brightly-tinted pipes and gilt straps, does not offend against good taste any more than is customary, but the place behind the pulpit, with its glass windows and fragile casement, looks like an ordinary business office, such as may be seen partitioned off in almost any store or warehouse.

These things I had time to notice before the choir began to sing; after that I could not but pay attention to the vocalists, who are one of the attractions of the Metropolitan. Three score of them, and only one giggler! I was amazed. And they sang with the sweetness, fervor and volume, for which I so love the Methodist singer. They didn't dawdle and drone along, or only put half their voices into the work, and when I heard them I was glad I was there. I didn't feel critical until they were half through the anthem, when there was a seeming lull in the spirit of soprano song which was not necessary, as the numbers were sufficient for a fuller and stronger tone.

Bro. Stafford is a self-possessed man. When he appears in his pulpit and kneels for a word of prayer, he evinces a thorough confidence in himself which inspires respect. He is not hurried and does not show that alertness which betrays to a congregation that the preacher isn't just sure of himself. He understands that to control an audience he must first let it be known that he has thorough control of himself. Nature has been much kinder to many preachers than to the Rev. Theodore Stafford. He is not specially handsome or graceful, and his thin figure, stolid face and cold, cynical eyes are not offset by any sweetness of voice or beauty of gesture. Yet he is interesting, and I doubt if anybody pretending at all to culture could hear him once without wishing to listen to him again. The imperturbable self-possession, which is noticeable insomuch as he must be naturally a nervous man, together with the drawl of his words and the nasal twang which only leaves him when he is speaking too fast to admit of saying everything through his nose, make him an odd speaker in the pulpit and at once give him individuality and power. I hope Bro. Stafford won't think I am impertinent or ill-natured. I know of no greater compliment to a public speaker than I can conscientiously pay him—he is not stupid. On the contrary he is interesting and reminds me in voice and stolidity of expression of Mark Twain on the platform. In the Northern and Western States I have seen and heard Bro. Stafford's counterparts tell side-splitting stories and make wonderfully successful political speeches in that same dry, emotionless tone, and have marvelled at their power.



ARGUMENTATIVE

Evidence as to where his power lay was shown when Bro. Stafford dropped the unemotional and began to gesticulate. Then I knew that outside the nature of his discourse, great self-possession, aided by his exceedingly audible voice and the dry inflection by which he emphasized his thoughts, were his strength. Bro. Stafford, in motion, is shorn of half his strength. I am not presuming to dictate to him, as I am not aware of how far his experience as a speaker has forced him to relieve the fancied monotony of a quiet delivery by violent gestures, but my opinion is that he doesn't need to jump and swing his arms any more than Sam Jones does, for he has much of the latter's quiet strength if he pursued similar methods.

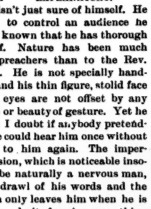
Remember I am speaking entirely from the point of view which implies a pulpit art of how to best utilize his powers, which every preacher should learn. It is not casting the slightest slur on ministers when we expect or demand that they shall make the most possible use for the Master's sake of every power they possess or can cultivate. If an actor spends the best part of his lifetime in studying how best to convey a trumpery idea to his audience, why should not preachers, who have a Divine message, seek as far as is in them lies to impede as little possible the power of that message by the imperfections of their delivery.

Bro. Stafford is powerful in that portion of his sermon which demands hortatory or declamatory effort, but he is not a good reader, and hymns in that Sam Clemmen's tone are not impressive. But a steady attendant would soon get used to that, though I cannot imagine myself, even with a fairly well balanced nervous system, becoming able to observe without a start that extraordinary gesture which terminates in the reverend gentleman raising himself on his tiptoes and dropping down with a thud, as if he had jumped from the floor. Gestures with the feet are never powerful or polished, and I might say the same of the head motions in which Bro. Stafford indulges when kneeling in prayer, and grasping both sides of the pulpit. I may be pardoned for mentioning the latter, because his prayer impressed me as a marvel of simple and yet powerful directness of that subjective type so impressive to a mixed audience. When I speak of the subjective type of prayer I desire to convey the idea of that which seems to be intended more to affect and move the speaker or hearer rather than of a petition such as we need always to hear, which seemed in its fervid appeal to implore a change in the Divine purpose and an intervention of His Spirit on behalf of the supplicant.

DECLAMATORY.

As to the subject matter of the discourse, I think it was able, but inconclusive as a reply to Rev. Mr. Macdonnell. While he accused the minister to whom he was replying of incomplete and faulty exposition, he himself slighted the question of individual liberty as it affects the character, though he admitted that to be his opponent's main point. Ignoring the main question, and at once assuming the question of Example as the chief issue, he was able to present Mr. Macdonnell in an unenviable light, though it struck me as not being entirely a fair attack.

I remember Sam Jones once saying that he never would discuss the authenticity of the Bible. He always assumed that to be admitted, and wasted no time in advancing proof, and I believe him to be right, for he who can listen to the voices which day unto day uttereth speech and night unto night showeth knowledge and yet remains an infidel cannot be convinced except by Divinity. On the same plan, therefore, I imagined Mr. Stafford might better have left untouched the question of the intoxicating or non-intoxicating quality of the wine mentioned and used by Paul, dwelling instead on the Example question entirely, as he weakened his ground by the forced admission that probably the wine really was intoxicating.



EXPLANATORY.

As to the point he endeavored to make that if Paul, or the Master himself, had been speaking nowadays, when drunkenness, he contends, has so much increased, they would have delivered themselves more forcibly and have uttered warnings which would have rung through every heart in Christendom, I think he was extremely weak and misleading. Does he forget that Christ and His apostle were speaking not only for the lands in which they lived, but also for every nation and tribe, and for every country and continent? Does he forget that they spoke not only for that day, but for every age and possible condition of man? I cannot admit, and on second thought, Bro. Stafford will not affirm, that the sayings of Paul were local or the teachings of Christ were for Judea and not Canada, or could be limited to that century and fall into desuetude in this. Such a limitation would be false and fatal to every doctrine, and was unnecessary to a proper answer of Mr. Macdonnell.

Of course it is well understood that in Holy Writ local incidents were used as parables and illustrations, but I think it remains for Mr. Stafford to stand within the bounds of orthodoxy and argue that the *doctrines* of the New Testament are full of local color, and to be applied in this country and century must be divested of the circumstances which surrounded their writing. Yet this seems to me what Mr. Stafford asks us to do, when he intimates that if Christ were on earth now he would use stronger language and be more ample in his teaching, with regard to the evil of intemperance. Does the Metropolitan pastor mean to teach us that Christ did not know what would happen nineteen centuries after he was on the earth, and does he argue that Paul was talking like a local politician to influence the crowd that surrounded him, and not preaching for the ages to come? To reason thus is to entirely argue away Inspiration and Foreknowledge, and it is not strange that Bro. Stafford and Bro. Macdonnell should differ, if the Metropolitan pastor did not by a slip of the tongue misrepresent his own position. If, in the eyes of the Divine Judge, the sin of intemperance has been growing deadlier within the last nineteen centuries, how are we to know that other sins have not changed, and, in fact, grown less deadly in the same time? If we are to argue up and down the gamut in this manner at our own sweet will, every man can fix on a favorite sin and argue himself into the belief that it has gotten to be a virtue in this nineteenth century, and, by some special abhorrence of some other sin to which he is not tempted, he can console himself and find an easy reason for the existence of a hell.

But to drop the discussion of doctrinal points, I want to speak of the pencil portraits which have been introduced into this sketch. Without looking very much like or unlike Mr. Stafford, these hasty thumb-nail sketches convey a fair idea of his standard gestures and postures, and please me so much that I will try and have every SATURDAY NIGHT contain a sketch of the peculiarities of face and posture of one of our leading divines.

Advertising as a Fine Art.

II.

No cautious merchant will ever wantonly permit an untruth to be told in the newspaper space he purchases for advertising purposes. A number of merchants, however, who would be offended if any lack of caution were suggested, are shining marks for criticism in this respect. You find merchants advertising certain lines of goods at prices so low as to be laughable. Thrifty housewives rush to take advantage of the bargains, only to find that they refer to some twoor three remnants of a few yards each. The merchant advertised with the idea of attracting attention, and thereby drawing custom to his store; but those people who go in response to his advertisement and find they have been fooled, will never believe in him again, and will do all in their power to dissuade others from patronizing him; and I might casually mention that a woman's tongue is a powerful strong dissuader when its proprietor has her mad up. Untruthful advertising may attract for the nonce, but in the end it is bound to militate against the man who does it. That honesty is the best policy is not a trite platitude, but a truism which proves its truth daily, and is just as applicable to advertising as anything else.

•

Merchants who believe in daily papers as a satisfactory medium should see to it that their advertisements appear in a certain fixed position, where the public can be always sure of being able to find the house's advertisement. It is of the utmost importance to successful advertising that a square of display type should not be lifted out of first page prominence to-day to rest in back page obscurity to-morrow. Wherever you have your advertisement, no matter in what part of the paper it is situated, see to it that it is kept in that one place. The proprietor of the newspaper keeps its name or "head" in a certain set position. He does not put it at the top of one page one day and at the bottom of another the next. He is too shrewd for that. Then why should the advertiser be expected to bob about from column to column and from page to page at the mere whim of the foreman of the composing room? The idea is absurd, and yet there are few merchants who seem to realize the advantage of a permanent position in place of an uncertain one.

•

There is another mistake some merchants make, and in making it show a blind faith in I don't know what—their own imagination, I fancy. If they have been a long time in business they consider it quite unnecessary to advertise. "Our business is established," they say. "Everybody knows where our store is. We have no need to announce it any more. My dear sir, we began here in a humble way before you were born, sir, and we have grown, we have grown. Why Blinks & Blobbs are household words." It is almost pitiful to hear them talk. They forget, the world has moved since they were young. The bright brown heads of this day have grown gray and in every church yard marble slabs there be, that recall forgotten memories of youth. A new generation has sprung up—a generation with new hopes and fears, new joys and sorrows, but a generation withal in need of infinite variety in the matter of edibles and clothing. And, O, great Blinks and Blobbs, do you never think that all these young 'uns are passing you by? They are going to the other stores, where bright-witted men are pushing, pushing, pushing, and taking advantage of every means in their power to introduce their goods to wider circles of consumers. You are unknown, my friends. In your generation you were great, but your generation is hid behind the veil of the mighty years. You have been lost in the shuffle, and if you want to be found you must advertise.

•

I said last week that circulation was not everything, and I repeat that statement now with all the emphasis I can. I will go further and say this: That a paper with a single edition of 1,000 is a better advertising medium than a paper of many editions which aggregate 5,000. Of course, these figures are merely to illustrate. This is especially so in the paper of various editions that devotes much of its advertising space to what are technically termed "three liners," that is, small advertisements of situations vacant, board and rooms wanted, etc. Now I will show you why. Let us say, for example, that the paper of one edition is a morning paper. It goes to a thousand or a hundred thousand families as the case may be, and as there is no other edition of it procurable, it is kept and consulted until the next day's edition is out. Therefore it is of permanent value, because, bear in mind, the principle that underlies all *newspaper* life is that one edition is only good until the next. Yesterday's paper is already a relic of a half-forgotten past. This applies to the paper of many editions as well as to the paper of one, and it is exactly because we apply the principle here that the inevitable conclusion must be reached that a paper of one edition is a better medium than a paper of many. The three o'clock paper is picked up from the newsboy. The column or so of news in it that is not rehashed from other papers is scanned and the paper thrown away. Why? Because in a couple of hours the purchaser, by the investment of another cent, picks up the five o'clock paper, containing all the afternoon intelligence, and in another hour the six o'clock paper will be out and the five o'clock edition be as worthless as its predecessors. As nearly all papers that make a specialty of situations wanted, vacant, etc., are to a great extent bought by the same people over and over again to scan the fresh "ads" in each edition, with a view of securing employment or employes, it follows that their circulation is almost entirely amongst one class, who read all the editions and combine in making the paper's aggregate circulation great. These registry office papers are good enough for that class of advertising, but as commercial mediums are almost worthless. This has been proved true in the States and England, and in registry office papers there, one never sees the advertisements of large merchants or manufacturers. More next week. THE ADVERTISER.

Here and There.

I think we are all pretty much agreed that the social conditions of life are terribly wrong. The difference of opinion comes in on the means of remedy. Take the abstract truth that the world was made for us all, and the individual fact that the biggest portion of us have never had a section of our heritage, and it becomes very apparent that there is something extremely wrong somewhere. In Canada and the States the masses have so far had a better show than in other countries more densely populated. Still it is hard enough here, especially in the winter time, when the extra expenses for fuel, food and clothing make a week's wages look tired of life. "The poor ye have always with you" is a long-established and prosperous truelsm that the rich should ever bear in mind, and, in bearing it, do what lies in their power to alleviate the suffering that is at our very doors. If some of the money that is used every year in establishing missions and converting the heathen in far-off lands was spent in establishing missions of charity and converting the heathen at home, it would be more in keeping with the spirit and teachings of the gentle Christ. There is plenty of ignorance and misery right here in Toronto to keep a whole army of alleviative agencies busy for a long while.

* * *

What I started out to remark on, however, is the difference in the condition of the sewing girls of this country and of Germany, which is gathered from a report sent to the United States Department of State. According to this, the German girls have a hard time of it. Their wages are barely sufficient for subsistence and lodging, leaving all necessary incidental expenses, including clothing, to be provided either by the girl's family or through independent efforts of her own. In the larger cities this condition leads to frightful suffering or degrading immorality and ruin. Their employers are endeavoring to compel them to purchase their thread and other supplies at employers' prices, and the well-to-do girls, who want a little extra money for luxuries or fineries, compete with the lower classes, and do the work at even lower rates than those generally paid. In short, only those girls have a passable existence who have sufficient support in their family ties.

* * *

I see by the New York society papers that Mrs. Langtry and the only Gebhardt have fallen out. A young man, an English officer of good family and address, with dazzling blonde hair and a long, sinuous, tawny moustache, is said to have taken the redoubtable Freddy's place as Mrs. Langtry's fidus achates. The papers say it has been an open secret for some time among the intimates of both parties, that they had begun to weary of each other. The Lily is a woman passionately fond of admiration, and Gebhardt is a charming but exacting man. They got along together very well for a while, but when the novelty wore off things did not run so smoothly. The Lily's friendship for the young Englishman, who stutters and parts his hair in the middle, seems to have completed matters, and now they scarcely speak. It would be interesting to know how this will affect Mrs. Langtry's divorce from her good, patient husband. It was understood that when steps were first taken in this direction, it was with the idea that Mrs. Langtry should be made Mrs. Gebhardt as soon as the law would permit. Mrs. Langtry, it is said, despite her American naturalization papers, will return to England for good next spring unless the difficulty is patched up.

* * *

The picturesque elements and vivid contrasts of an active newspaper man's life, form a great basis for good fiction, a basis which, I am sorry, has not been built on as fully as it might. We see frequently enough in books and on the stage, a type of newspaper worker long since extinct—a long-haired, snuffle-nosed, dirty-finger-nailed drunkard, who wanders around with a pad of paper as big as himself, and pencils by the dozen, in his hands and pockets and behind his ears. We see any number of these fanciful creations, but next to nothing of the journalist as he really is—quiet, gentlemanly, self-possessed, thoughtful, a man of the world, with an undying belief in the virtues of soap and water in place of whiskey and water, the value of respectable clothes and clean linen. Only two novelists that I know of have attempted to sketch the average newspaper worker as he actually exists—Wm. Black in his rather pretty story Shandon Bells, and William Westall in Her Two Millions, which attracted some attention in the original publication in the English magazine, Good Words, and has just been issued in cheap library form by a New York house. Westall, by the way, is said to be the author of the anonymous romance Dead Man's Rock, published in a Toronto paper. Her Two Millions is by long odds his best effort.

* * *

Every once in a while the Great American Nation gets up on its hind legs and howls over the iniquities of what it is pleased to term an exclusive product of United States soil—the Great American Anglo-Maniac. There is, I fancy, a good deal of truth in the stories told of the affectations of the rich young men of New York, who copy the English dress, walk and manner of speech, and seemed ashamed to confess to their American birthright; and for that reason there is considerable justice in the howl that arises from those who are proud of the distinguished individual who did it with his little hatchet. As long as it is fashionable, however, the copying of English customs and mannerisms will continue, and I will be sorry to see it because I despise affectations of all sorts. If the Buffalo Bill craze continues in England, however, I presume his eccentric attire will become the rage, and in that event I have no doubt America's Anglo-Maniacs will become naturalized in spite of themselves.

* * *

To show how far this craze really goes, even with Canadians, it is only necessary to instance the case of a young law-student who was born, I believe, and brought up in Toronto, or, at any rate, in Ontario, and whose first glimpse of the white cliffs of England was obtained last summer when he crossed the ocean with the gentlemen of Canada who went to show benighted Britishers how to play cricket. Shortly after his return he was introduced one day to a gentleman who knew the young man by name quite well, though they had never met before. While they discussed a beer together he was paralyzed to hear the young man remark in a calm and blase manner, "Bai Jove! wot a beastly day, isn't it? Do you have much of this weathaw in Canada?" The astonished gentleman stammered some incoherent reply, and laughed for half-an-hour when he got outside.

Kate Castleton Talks.

In private life Kate Castleton, the actress, is Mrs. Henry Phillips, and her husband is the manager of Crazy Patch. She is a black haired, plump and pleasant little Englishwoman, frank and engaging of manner and full of the peculiar shrugs and gestures which she uses so freely in Crazy Patch. She smiles a good deal, because, possibly, she is prettier when she smiles, and naturally knows it.

Miss Castleton began her stage career as a London music-hall singer. Her name was May Freeman. She displayed considerable originality in her methods and made a hit. Josh Hart heard of her. Hart was then a prominent American manager of variety shows and proprietor of the once famous *Dramatic News*. He brought her to the States in the Centennial year, and starred her at the Eagle theater, Brooklyn, which he then managed. Subsequently he sent a company on the road, and old-timers in Toronto will remember the Josh Hart Variety Company of eight or ten years ago, which gave by long odds the finest show of the kind ever seen in Canada. Kate Castleton was there. Scanlan and Cronan were in their prime, and other well known lights of the specialty stage lent their talents to it.

After this Miss Castleton left the stage for a time. She was heard of again with Fun on the Bristol, and subsequently made the hit of her life with Ed. Rice, in Pop. She sang For Goodness Sake Don't Say I Told You, and in the popular slangungo of the day, it knocked everybody silly. Others had tried the song before and had done nothing with it. She put on a Quaker costume, black stockings, and the Castleton kick. She came, saw and conquered.

Since then, she has been a success. After the break-up of Pop, she got hold of Crazy Patch, which has always been a drawing card. Her successes have brought her in a lot of money. She owns a handsome house in Oaklands, California, where she spends the summer with her husband and parents.

Miss Castleton is staying at the Rossin House. I met her there Wednesday afternoon. There were a dozen chairs in the room and every chair was covered with wraps and stockings, especially stockings. They were clinging to the backs and seats of every chair there. I thought I was in a hosiery establishment.

"I claim to be original in everything I do," said Miss Castleton when I told her what I wanted. "I don't copy anybody. I go against fashion and popular methods. When people wear bustles I don't; when bright colors are in vogue, I wear subdued ones. I originated the Quaker costume for topical songs and everybody copies it. If you notice my dresses in Crazy Patch you will notice that I do not follow prescribed artistic rules. Green and blue are said to make a horrible combination. I wear a dress of green and blue. I design and cut all my own dresses and follow my own tastes. If the stream of popular fancy runs one way, I go the other. It used to be popular to wear stockings with circular stripes, I invented the longitudinal stripes. Minnie Palmer and everybody else copied what you might call the stocking racket. They became the craze. Now I wear nothing but black stockings and I see everybody else wearing black stockings too."

"Speaking of Minnie Palmer," I interpolated, "is there any truth in that story of the match between you, telegraphed from California?"

"What match?"

"A swimming match, was it not? And some contest as to physical development which was finally settled by the use of a tape line?"

Miss Castleton flushed. "There was no truth in that," she said. "In the first place I can't swim, and in the second place I have never had tights on since I came to America—or, in fact, in my life. I don't like them, and won't wear them. And, again, I would not go into any such contest."

"Of course," I said, "I asked you as a mere matter of form."

"Oh, yes. I understand. But a contest of form is something I would not care to undertake. The whole story was a mere newspaper canard."

Miss Castleton put on a yearning look and sighed. "I have aspirations," she said, rather mournfully.

"Yes?" I ventured mildly.

"I think I could do better work than I get a chance to do in Crazy Patch and light farcical pieces of that order. My fancy is to shine in light comedy, where the dialogue is clever and leaves much to be inferred," she added with an expressive shrug of her pretty shoulders. "I hate to have to say everything. I like clever audiences that can understand a thing without its being hammered into them. For that reason I don't like gallery audiences. I never take so well with the gallery as with the lower part of the house. Those below seem to appreciate me better."

"Yes," I said, having sat in a front seat myself, "I don't doubt it."

Miss Castleton will go to England shortly to hunt for a new play, and next season will revive her popular song, But For Goodness Sake Don't Say I Told You.

SPIFF.

Crazy Patch is a funny show, and by funny I mean funny in its funniest sense. Kate Castleton is pretty and coquettish. And if she uses the art of the coquette in a little broader way than a society lady is permitted to, she is still within the realm of the coquette.

*

To those who are not accustomed to performances of the variety type, her display of black stockings and dainty petticoats suggest an idea bordering on lewdness. Yet she depends on shapely legs and pretty drapery for but a small portion of her success. She is one of those women full of life and spirits, who, whether in society or on the stage, attract attention and excite admiration. The society lady of the same type displays the same charms of bust and arm, with the same *abandon* and semi-concealment of lace and drapery, and in the waltz or conservatory make the same use of shapely limbs and a rollicking laugh. As she dances and smiles, her white teeth glisten and her eyes shine with the same fascination that allures men in the ball-room or on the promenade.

*

Kate Castleton is of the broadest and most pronounced type of the coquette. She is not very particular just how far she goes, and yet the very "so far and no farther" style of her dancing and mummery hold the audience enchanted, and the gentlemen with the shiny heads gently moisten their lips with their tongues and wait for more.

*

Her style of performance is sensuous and suggestive. The lady who watches it leaves the theater feeling that men like more immodesty than she has been accustomed to tolerate while the men who have seen Kate Castleton and become enamored of the syren of the black stockings and wicked laugh are just a trifle less fitted for the society of modest women.

*

Looking at her performance from a laughter-provoking and artistic standpoint, she and her company are the embodiment of mirth. The straightest laced deacon of his sect and the greatest prude of her sex cannot help laughing at Castleton smiles and winks and suggests the unutterably naughty things that she refuses to say. It is not the style of performance that a father would take his growing girls to see, or that a man would laugh at as heartily in the presence of his wife as he would if he were alone.

*

Outside of this suggestive wickedness and naughty innuendo that is part of her performance, and which, it is evident the young ladies of her company are endeavoring to imitate, there is a vast amount of pure fun. The crazy doctor with his fund of joke and gag, and green room funny-business is an enjoyable character. The grotesqueness of the policeman and the struts and tumbles that belong so thoroughly to the variety stage are intensely amusing.

*

Miss Castleton's company is not materially weakened by the loss of Gilbert, Gerrard and Donnelly. Their places have been filled acceptably. Indeed Eddie Foy's prize-fighter is one of the funniest things in the show. The company has been changed otherwise since it was here last year, but the change has not been hurtful.

*

The first two performances were for the benefit of the Theatrical Mechanical Association and for the sake of that excellent benevolent body I am glad that the house was filled each evening. On the opening night, Manager Sheppard came before the footlights bashfully and presented Miss Castleton with a red plush dressing case, accompanying the presentation with a neat little speech. Miss Castleton seemed surprised and didn't recover till Manager Sheppard was in the wings. When he came back at her call, the red plush case cast a glow on his face. Miss Castleton expressed her thanks in plain English, as she phrased it, and the performance went on. The gift was a handsome one. The dressing set was of tortoise shell and the cover of the case bore a silver shield which testified that the case was presented to Miss Castleton by Toronto Lodge No. 11, T. M. A. on the occasion of its second annual benefit.

*

The trouble in the Philopene company last Saturday seems to have been brewing for some time past. It was between Manager Tompkins and his people and was due primarily to a lack of money. Mr. Sheppard's part in the affair was merely such an one as would be taken by any house manager who was on the lookout for his own interest. Manager Tompkins said to me that he never before heard of any house manager interfering between the manager of the company and his people, but I take it that Mr. Sheppard's action was caused by an earnest endeavor to keep the ship afloat. That it didn't do any good was not his fault. Both managers, I suppose, were a trifle heated when the meeting on the stage took place and possibly had they been cooler the difficulty would have been straightened out. However that may be, it is certain that the show could never have been given without the assistance of Read and his wife. I asked Tompkins if it could and he said smilingly and confidently, "Oh yes."

"How?"

"Well, you see, I had the parts under-studied. I brought people here from the States to fill them, and they had seen three performances of the piece and were quite competent to go on. Read and his wife intended leaving me anyhow and have been intending it for some time. I have had nothing but trouble since Read's wife joined the show, and I was glad to think they were going. When Sheppard brought them back it made me hot."

"Will you tell me who the people were you brought here to take the place of Read and his wife?"

"Oh, no," said Mr. Tompkins. "If I did that it might cause some jealousy and ill-feeling. Of course, actors do take one another's places, but it isn't looked upon as the right thing, so I wouldn't like to mention names. It's all over now, though. Sheppard and I are good friends again. We've straightened things up, and I leave at once for Chicago, where Miss Goodwin will star for a week, after which we keep right on the road."

Manager Sheppard says Tompkins' statement that he had people here to replace the Reads is a light and airy figment.

*

I saw Myra Goodwin in a box at the Castleton show Monday night. She looks prettier off the stage than she does on it. She wore a red felt hat with a red feather in front that was one of the neatest bits of colored headgear I have seen in many moons. I thought she looked rather enviously at Kate's stage success and the crowded house which greeted her, as she contrasted it in her mind with her own failure and the empty benches of the previous week.

*

The people who go to see Bartley Campbell's play, The White Slave, are the people who go to see Uncle Tom's Cabin. They form a distinct class, and are seldom seen at any of the ordinary theatrical performances. At least, that's how it strikes me. I attend the theaters in Toronto pretty steadily, and, while it may be all imagination, I have grown to fancy that I know the regular audiences and can recognize their style and general deportment. When I dropped in on The White Slave at the Toronto Opera House the other night I found myself a familiar stranger. The house was crowded, but it was not one of the crowds I had grown accustomed to. I didn't look at any faces to learn this—I simply felt it. The violins seemed out of tune and the snare-drummer made me shiver. I went twice afterwards, and each time I was impressed the same way. As an identical feeling had arisen within me the last time Uncle Tom's Cabin was here, I put two and two together, and you have the result.

*

Mr. Campbell very evidently got his inspiration for the White Slave from Harriet Beecher Stowe's story—a story, I must confess, I cordially detest, but that is neither here nor there. He has changed it a good deal, of course, but there is that same queer streak of unnatural sentiment running through it that seems to strike a responsive chord in many human hearts. As a stage picture I like it better than Uncle Tom's Cabin. It is not so revolting, and its pathos is more touching. It is well written in some of Mr. Campbell's very best heroics, and has many strong scenes and splendid dramatic situations. It is presented by a really good company on the whole, and has well deserved its large patronage.

*

Miss May Newman, the leading lady, is to my mind, a much better actress when she is quietly emotional, than when she is violent of voice and gesture. Her heavy acting reminds me for all the world of the spasmodic gasps of a big bullfrog with a cold. She runs her sentences in on one another in a jerky, disagreeable fashion, that rasps and irritates. When she is "intense," however, she has a dignity, power and pathos, appealing and realistic. It is in these moments that she holds her audience, not when she raves as in her speech on the island.

*

Poor Bartley Campbell is still insane, and physicians hold out small hopes of his ultimate recovery. He has given the play-houses some strong literature. He was a prolific writer and his work, if not always good, was always superior to the flat, stale and stupid stuff so many modern dramatists produce.

*

Wild Western drama and burnt cork minstrelsy will hold the boards at the Grand next week. For the first three nights, with Wednesday matinee, On the Frontier is announced. It differs materially from the usual border drama, so the house programme assures me. The tableaux at the end of each act are vivid pictures of rugged life on the western plains, picturesquely mingling pale faces and red-skins. Some 50 people are required in the production. Miss Von Leer, the star, is highly spoken of. For the balance of the week Wilson & Rankin's Minstrels are announced. George Wilson is so well known here that it is almost unnecessary for me to say anything about him to you who want to know. I think him the funniest man in minstrelsy I ever saw. Wilson & Rankin claim a great company and a strong show, full of brilliant, bright and new specialties.

*

At the Toronto Opera House the Kimball Musical Comedy Company will present Mam'zelle, which was originally made famous by poor Aimee, that bright little soul of opera bouffe, but has since been re-written and improved. The company is said to be an excellent one in every respect and deserving of the highest encomiums. A number of attractive musical features have been introduced in Mam'zelle, which greatly tend to popularize it, the papers say.

*

Those Toronto people who heard Charles Dickens, jr., on the occasion of his recent visit here will, I fancy, quite concur in this crisp criticism which I clip from the *New York Mirror*: It is the wish of almost every man to leave behind him a son—to carry on a business, to perpetuate a name, to inherit a fortune. And how many of 'em have their wish? The faculty for getting and managing money is more apt to be transmitted than anything else. The Astors, Vanderbilts and Goulds have properly constructed sons, who follow in their father's tracks with feet big enough to fit them. But brains, unlike other qualities, do not seem to run in families. A notable example is being squirted around the country just now by Major Pond. If anything is unlike another thing, it's Charles Dickens *fils* to Charles Dickens *pere*. Without doubt the elder Dickens was the most important man, in literature, that ever visited this land. A more inconsequential person than Charles Dickens the younger the Lord never made. He is absolutely nobody—merely the son of his father—and how he came to be that is a wonder.

NOTES AND NEWS.

Mr. M. D. S. Wedd has been appointed organist of St. Luke's church.

Lotta is said to have arrived at the conclusion that she has accumulated a Lotta wealth, and will retire after this season.

Miss Marguerite Fish will, it is announced, retire from the stage on the 19th of this month, when her contract with the Chip o' the Old Block company expires.

The total of ages of the one hundred young ladies employed by Imre Kiralfy in his great spectacle Lagadere amounts exactly to 1887. Generally in the Kiralfy ballet each one's age is about that number.

*

Mrs. Cheeseman, late of Montreal, a very pleasing soprano singer, has been engaged by the Northern Congregational Church, and alternates her services between that place of worship and the Metropolitan Church.

Miss Howden of Millbrook, is preparing a programme for the Episcopal Church concert, in that enterprising town. She will be assisted by Mr. E. W. Schuch, of Toronto, and Mr. Frank B. Fenwick, M.R.S.M., of Owen Sound.

Lotta has been sued for $50,000 damages by Abraham Samuels, a Boston commercial drummer, who claims she delayed his attempt to reach a train by stopping the crippled horse attached to a cab bearing him to the railroad depot.

Eastern papers are coupling Nat Goodwin's name with Leila Farrell, and are predicting a marriage by and by. If it proves a go, Nat gets a very pretty and brilliant young lady, and she, in return, gets the funniest comedian on the American stage.

The present tour of America by Mrs. Scott-Siddons, the reader, is a decided failure. A few years ago she was acknowledged as one of the most beautiful and brilliant women on any stage. She is truly a wonderfully gifted woman in many respects, but she has had her day, and must give way for some new favorite of the public.—*Cincinnati Enquirer.*

The hundredth anniversary of the waltz occurs on the twentieth of this month. On December 20, 1787, Vincenz Martin presented an opera in Vienna which contained a new dance, which at once became popular. This dance was a waltz—a dance which bids fair to be popular until the last man and the last woman are so overcome by cold and loneliness that they have no heart for gaiety.

Mrs. Potter does not permit any stage kissing. In the play of M'lle de Bressier, she allows a hug and a few caresses, but the lips of her supposed husband never touch her face. That settles Mrs. Potter. She never will be a great success. How can she expect to cope with such stars as Emma Abbott, Lily Langtry, Lillian Russell, and the like, if she doesn't kiss her stage lover in the good, old genuine way?

Miss Grace Hawthorne will shortly bring out in London a translation of Sardou's play of Theodora with great splendor. Over $7,000 is to be expended on the setting, decorations, dresses, etc. Live wild beasts will, for the first time, appear upon the stage. Sara Bernhardt was satisfied with stuffed lions and tigers, but her American rival has decided upon producing the living creatures of the desert. Miss Hawthorne will also add to her repertoire a drama on Josephine, written for her by Mr. W. G. Wills.

Ten-year-old Josef Hoffmann, the musical wonder, who will perform at a series of concerts in America, arrived Friday week in New York, from Bremen. He was accompanied by his parents. Young Hoffmann, who is a bright-looking boy, speaks French, German and Polish fluently, but cannot converse in English. He made his first public appearance at a charity concert in Warsaw in 1882, where he astonished the critics by his piano playing. He has appeared at all the musical centers on the Continent. He has just concluded a successful season of forty concerts in England and the provinces.

The Infamous Bustle.

The latest baptismal incident is related by a dignified judge of the Supreme Court of Minnesota. A coloured Baptist congregation were out on the border of a conveniently located lake, attending the immersion of a harvest of young converts gathered in at a recent revival. Among the candidates for the rite was a big strapping mulatto woman, whose ample proportions were enhanced by a bustle, itself of no mean dimensions. When she went into the water, the minister found the bustle a stumbling-block to his holy work. It acted as a buoy for the candidate, floating her up when the minister attempted to put her under the water. After he had experimented two or three times with the candidate, each time being defeated in his purpose by the bustle, one of the dusky brethren on the shore yelled out; "Crowd dat ar bustle under de watah, parson; crowd is under; it's de wickedest thing you've got to deal wid."

Eclipses in 1889.

In the year 1889 there will occur five eclipses, three of the sun and two of the moon. A total eclipse of the sun will occur January 1st, partly visible at Washington as a partial eclipse, the sun setting eclipsed. The second eclipse, being a partial eclipse of the moon, will occur January 16, visible at Washington, and generally in Europe, Africa, North and South America and the Atlantic and Pacific oceans. The third will be an annular eclipse of the sun, June 27, invisible at Washington. The fourth will be a partial eclipse of the moon, July 12, invisible at Washington, but visible generally in Europe, Asia, Africa, Australia, the Atlantic ocean and the easterly portion of South America. The fifth will be a total eclipse of the sun, December 21 and 22, invisible at Washington.

Art Note.

Livingston Snoberly is a distinguished New York amateur artist, who got his picture into a New York gallery. A sarcastic friend met Snoberly a few days afterward and said:

"I was in the art gallery yesterday. By Jove, there was a big crowd there. I spent half an hour before your picture. Your's was the only one I looked at."

"Ah, thanks, thanks! Quite complimentary; but why did you not look at the rest of the gems of art?"

"Well, you see, there were crowds of people in front of all the other pictures, but there was nobody in front of yours except myself."

"Aw!"

WIDOWER JONES.

A Faithful History of His "Loss" and Adventures in Search of a "Companion."

BY EDMUND E. SHEPPARD,

Author of "Furmin' Editor's Sketches," "Dolly," "A Bad Man's Sweetheart," etc., etc.

CHAPTER III.

TROUBLE AHEAD FOR THE DEACON.

In the house, when Ben returned, he found everyone in tears, except Hope Campton, who stood at the door watching the distant Israel as he unhitched the team.

"I hope you are n't shocked at my summary method of concluding the—the incubation," Ben remarked with a smile, as he came up the steps onto the stoop.

"Yes, I must say I am, and I think any right-minded person would be ashamed even to be a witness of your awful treatment of your father." With this Hope began to cry, and walked quickly past him into the yard. While she had been gazing toward the stupefied Israel, she had been half-defending Ben in her mind, but thoughts came of her own dead father who had been so good to her, and at once the very name of "father" seemed sacred, and she could no longer excuse Ben's conduct.

It was Ben's turn to be astonished. Without another word he passed on and found Bessie bathing her mother's face with cold water, while Lou, with wet eyes and indignant face, stood ready to read Ben out of the family.

Ben paused at the door and comprehended the situation. He had gone too far. They did not understand him or his history.

"Well, sisters, I see you have caught your father's frown, and I am to be excommunicated. Mother, too, is suffering for me; it would have been better had I stayed away! The best thing I can do now is to go and leave you in peace." Ben spoke cheerfully, but in his deep voice was a cadence of sorrow that at once appealed to his sisters.

"Oh, Ben! you know we are so glad to see you, but how could you treat father so!" sobbed Lou, who was clinging to Ben's arm and moistening his coat sleeve with her tears.

"Little sister, if I say here that again you will see me treat the old man worse than that. Do you want me to stay or shall I go and leave you all to the old life, with 'Old Snivy' miserable—everyone, bullying mother, and crying and sneaking to people like a whipped cur? Bah! It makes me sick to see three women and two men grovelling up under the Deacon. I escaped just in time to save my self-respect."

Lou looked up to inquire who he meant by "Old Snivy."

"The Deacon, to be sure!" cried Ben, falling into the tone his father often used. "Visit the sick and afflicted and succor the fatherless and the widder in their affliction (sob), and preserve unto me my fam-le (sob), and may the down-trod and des-perut also find rest AND COMFORT! (sob)."

The girls could not help laughing. These were their father's words, and the half-sob, half-grunt, was the Deacon's own.

Ben knew he had touched a point in the Deacon that everybody recognized, and kept on.

"You've heard him snivel as well as I have. After twenty years, you see, I can repeat his tedious windings. Is that religion? No; it's snivelling, and that's why I call him 'Snivy.'" Bessie came up to Ben and put her hard, shapely little hand, lightly on his lips. "Brother, don't talk so. It frightens us. And just think what Hope Campton will think of you, for she believes father is perfection. We aren't used to traveled philosophers; all we know is home and how to make peace, and to try and get along. Now, please promise not to quarrel with father any more, or call him names! Can't you see it hurts mother so."

Ben looked admiringly at his sister, put his broad palm beside her cheek, and turned her face into the best light. "Yes, my little Quaker, I think we can arrange matters and hostilities, but it will require a carefully prepared campaign. Let's talk it over."

Israel had entered and seated himself. Hope Campton returned, but thinking she was intruding, turned away. "Don't go, Hope," Bessie exclaimed, seizing Hope's dress as she started up-stairs. "You know you are in family, and there is nothing to hide from you."

Ben went over and sat by his mother. She looked affectionately at him and again began to cry.

Ben asserted himself. It was necessary.

"Now," said he, "I want this to be understood at the start, as it will be apparent at the finish. The Deacon hates me like a snake, even if I am his son. I'll have no peace here unless I pursue a vigorous policy. You must help me. If I let him brow-beat me and order me around I may as well go; stand in with me and I'll make him eat humble pie and leave us all alone."

At this point Hope Campton again turned away, and Lou, calling after her, could not detain her.

"It seems such an awful thing," she said, "this plotting against your own father!"

"There, you see, Hope's gone off in dignified disgust, and the whole family will be in her bad books. I can see we are to have a general row all round, and how will it all end?" sighed Lou despairingly.

"In a fight, like enough!" suggested Israel.

"No, it won't end in a fight or anything of the kind," Ben explained, angrily. "All I want you to do is not to side with the Deacon or give him any sympathy, and he'll soon quit, for my name is Chump."

"Well, then, your name is Chump all right enough," said Lou. "No one in this house can outlast father when he starts being ugly!"

"Louie, my dear," Ben began, airily waving his hand towards his sister, "you are uninformed concerning my talent for being irresistibly ugly. I can assure you, my weak and impulsive sister, that I am absolutely a genius at being disagreeable. In fact, I can show myself to be the worthy son of a talented sire, if I engage in a contest such as seems likely to take place. In the circles where I am best known I am most highly respected as an artist in being supremely offensive. I have letters in my possession which prove that my ability to cause trouble is of no mean order and has been recognized. Prize medals without number are in my scrap book, indicating that even publicly I have been presented with testimonials and urgent requests to leave large and populous cities because of my recognized supremacy in the art of being obnoxious. I am a star, my dear Louisa, and you must see me set in the lurid, tear-drenching tragedy of 'Snivy Snob, the Second, or Pizened with His Own Pie,' to recognize my lofty genius and be proud that you are my own sister."

"Oh, Ben, don't!" cried Lou, laughing in spite of herself. "Please don't! Just think of the lives we'll all lead! And mother—she'll get the chief blame, and Father'll say she is setting you up to it. He always says she spoiled you by backing you up when you were at home."

Ben's face darkened for a moment, and looking over at his mother, he asked her if she could stand it for a day or two.

"I want yeh to stay Ben, but can't yeh find some way of gittin' along with father in peace an' quietness?" she answered, with a loving look, which meant "Stay with me, Ben, at any price."

"Now, girls, you needn't be scared, for inside this house, for the first time since it held the Jones family, the white-winged dove of peace will hover, or I'll know the reason why. If it wasn't for mother, I'd be gone before the Deacon gets home, but I came a long way to have a visit, and visit it is till I'm ready to go. All I ask of you is neutrality. No matter what happens manifest no surprise or indignation. Tell that Campton girl to do the same, and I'll fix Hiram. You Israel Isaacs, if you spoil the scheme you may as well become a lost tribe at once and forever, for I intend to make home happy if have to do it with a club."

"But what are you going to do?" inquired Bessie. "I hate to go into anything blindfold, and you mustn't forget that he's our father, even if he is cross and tyrannical sometimes!"

Ben rose tragically from his chair, and strode across the room, where he seized his sister's wrists, and cried in stilted tones: "Elizabeth! Bessie, Ben's good, better, best; sweet, sweeter, sweetest; smart, smarter, smartest; angel, angelier, angelest, I will not confide in thee my scheme as yet, though later on I may perchance lean upon thee for advice! But till then I cannot share the gloomy secrets of me bo-a-rd!" In an instant his arm was around her and she was tossed up in the air, and was seated on Ben's broad shoulder, and he was dancing around the room singing a waltz song, and now and then whistling like a thrush.

Bess for once was startled out of her self-possession, and, blushing like a rose, as she tried to arrange her dress over a generous section of stocking which was being exposed, begged Ben to put her down, and he did so.

"Promise then, Miss Propriety, that you will ever conceal, and never reveal to any person whatsoever."

"Anything, everything, only put me down! If anyone should come in and see me—"

"Down you come, then, and don't forget your promise."

"What a lovely singer you are, Ben," exclaimed Lou. "Hiram whistles part of that tune. He heard it at a show. I wish you'd teach it to me."

"All right, Louie, and lots more of them, and the dances, too, if you like. We'll have a picnic every day and practice when it rains so wild, and pie every day for dinner for the next month, won't we, 'My pretty Louise, my pretty Louise?'—and Ben again broke into song, this time with Lou gathered up in his arms like a big doll.

Hiram Israel looked on with a smile, but from long habit was unable to refrain from the mild reproof with which she condoned the faults of her children. "Remember it's Sunday, Ben; and Hope Campton is a very strict girl."

With serio-comic alertness Ben peered through the door to assure himself that no one was listening, and then in a whisper he quickly demanded: "Who is this Hope Campton, whose opinion is so much dreaded? Is she a female evangelist or merely a school missus?"

"You've heard him snivel as well as I have. After twenty years, you see, I can repeat his tedious windings. Is that religion? No; it's snivelling, and that's why I call him 'Snivy.'" Bessie came up to Ben and put her hard, shapely little hand, lightly on his lips. "Brother, don't talk so. It frightens us. And just think what Hope Campton will think of you, for she believes father is perfection. We aren't used to traveled philosophers; all we know is home and how to make peace, and to try and get along. Now, please promise not to quarrel with father any more, or call him names! Can't you see it hurts mother so."

Ben looked admiringly at his sister, put his broad palm beside her cheek, and turned her face into the best light. "Yes, my little Quaker, I think we can arrange matters and hostilities, but it will require a carefully prepared campaign. Let's talk it over."

Israel had entered and seated himself. Hope Campton returned, but thinking she was intruding, turned away. "Don't go, Hope," Bessie exclaimed, seizing Hope's dress as she started up-stairs. "You know you are in family, and there is nothing to hide from you."

Ben went over and sat by his mother. She looked affectionately at him and again began to cry.

Ben asserted himself. It was necessary.

"Now," said he, "I want this to be understood at the start, as it will be apparent at the finish. The Deacon hates me like a snake, even if I am his son. I'll have no peace here unless I pursue a vigorous policy. You must help me. If I let him brow-beat me and order me around I may as well go; stand in with me and I'll make him eat humble pie and leave us all alone."

At this point Hope Campton again turned away, and Lou, calling after her, could not detain her.

"It seems such an awful thing," she said, "this plotting against your own father!"

"There, you see, Hope's gone off in dignified disgust, and the whole family will be in her bad books. I can see we are to have a general row all round, and how will it all end?" sighed Lou despairingly.

"In a fight, like enough!" suggested Israel.

"No, it won't end in a fight or anything of the kind," Ben explained, angrily. "All I want you to do is not to side with the Deacon or give him any sympathy, and he'll soon quit, for my name is Chump."

"Well, then, your name is Chump all right enough," said Lou. "No one in this house can outlast father when he starts being ugly!"

"Louie, my dear," Ben began, airily waving his hand towards his sister, "you are uninformed concerning my talent for being irresistibly ugly. I can assure you, my weak and impulsive sister, that I am absolutely a genius at being disagreeable. In fact, I can show myself to be the worthy son of a talented sire, if I engage in a contest such as seems likely to take place. In the circles where I am best known I am most highly respected as an artist in being supremely offensive. I have letters in my possession which prove that my ability to cause trouble is of no mean order and has been recognized. Prize medals without number are in my scrap book, indicating that even publicly I have been presented with testimonials and urgent requests to leave large and populous cities because of my recognized supremacy in the art of being obnoxious. I am a star, my dear Louisa, and you must see me set in the lurid, tear-drenching tragedy of 'Snivy Snob, the Second, or Pizened with His Own Pie,' to recognize my lofty genius and be proud that you are my own sister."

"Oh, Ben, don't!" cried Lou, laughing in spite of herself. "Please don't! Just think of the lives we'll all lead! And mother—she'll get the chief blame, and Father'll say she is setting you up to it. He always says she spoiled you by backing you up when you were at home."

Ben's face darkened for a moment, and looking over at his mother, he asked her if she could stand it for a day or two.

"I want yeh to stay Ben, but can't yeh find some way of gittin' along with father in peace an' quietness?" she answered, with a loving look, which meant "Stay with me, Ben, at any price."

"Now, girls, you needn't be scared, for inside this house, for the first time since it held the Jones family, the white-winged dove of peace will hover, or I'll know the reason why. If it wasn't for mother, I'd be gone before the Deacon gets home, but I came a long way to have a visit, and visit it is till I'm ready to go. All I ask of you is neutrality. No matter what happens manifest no surprise or indignation. Tell that Campton girl to do the same, and I'll fix Hiram. You Israel Isaacs, if you spoil the

CHAPTER IV.

REMORSE.

Out in the shady lane, strolling towards the bush, Louie Jones found time to observe her stalwart brother. He was tall, symmetrically endowed and magnificently built. He had the easy air of a man who had seen the world, and has seen it from above rather than from below the level of the average man. As he walked silently beside her, his face clouded and those eyes, shaded by the long black lashes, which so much resembled his mother's, were moist as if tears were ready to start. Lou thought he was the handsomest man she had ever seen, and more, he didn't look like a bad man. The more was large and just a little red—maybe it was from the sun—the mouth, too, was large, and the full lips seemed almost straight, lacking those soft curves and arches which make some mouths so subtle and expressive. His mouth was large, strong in character, sensuous and mocking. When he smiled his eyes spoke the sentiment, his mouth and the even white teeth simply marked the unclosed lips or gleamed or sneered. He was undeniably handsome—but the dissipated look—the something that spoke of a life out of the ordinary, of late hours and reckless hilarity—warned even Lou that her brother was no saint and probably held saints in contempt.

Her sharp scrutiny of his face at last attracted his attention, and looking beneath a wayside beech he suddenly inquired:

"Well, Lou, what think you of me, now you've examined me as minutely as is possible without a microscope?"

Lou blushed. Ben was the kind of a man that make women blush. To his sister he was still a stranger. His gleaming smile and daring laugh were alarming to maidens who were unused to such self-possession and disregard for the mental poise of others.

He took off his plug hat and wiped his forehead with a dainty handkerchief. He saw that the handkerchief had attracted Lou's attention, and with quick wit he tossed it to her.

"Who is 'A' or 'I?' she asked, looking at the embroidered corner.

"I don't know: I bought a box of them at an auction for a dollar."

"I can pick out the 'A' and put 'B' in for you, if you like."

"Never mind, Louie, they are just as useful marked as exhibit 'A' as if they were 'B.' But tell me, what is your verdict?

"I—I—don't know—I never saw anyone like you before, and even if you are my brother you are like a stranger, for I never saw you before to-day."

"Well, what of it?" he inquired, leaning over a gate and fixing his mesmeric eyes on her pretty face. "Judging me even as a stranger, what do you think of me? Can I be trusted?"

Lou was puzzled what to say. His eyes forbade a falsehood, and her tongue couldn't frame the truth so as to express her doubts and still affirm her faith.

"I know what you think," affirmed Ben musingly, and with a touch of bitterness. "that I am not a good man, and yet you are not entirely averse to me. I can see that this morning's episodes have frightened you, and you are half-inclined to think me a brute, as it is apparent that I am well used to such scenes. Yet you rather like the experience of having an unruly but—er—or somewhat interesting brother rush in and break the monotony. You are like plenty of other people, easy to find words to describe what you dislike, but the good which I can see even my little sister has discovered is so intangible that words come slowly. Never mind, Louie, I'll try and make you love me and believe in me. I've tried many, many times to make people trust me, but they always accused me of something—being a confidence sharp, or a masher or something—and so I either failed or got more than I bargained for. I'm going to have a sister for the first time, and she won't accuse me of lack of fidelity or gratitude, as she expects neither. My little Lou," continued, throwing his arm about his sister's waist, "be good to me, trust me, and teach me to think better of woman than I do now. Don't sneer at me ever, but be like I hear sweet women are, always ready to defend those they love, right or wrong. You won't be sorry, Lou, even if I do look like a tramp. I hate father—absolutely and unalterably hate him—but if you knew what I suffered from him you'd be surprised that I didn't kill him. Don't look so shocked! your gentle heart cannot understand how a lifetime has been blighted by a selfish tyrant. Louie, sweet," continued Ben, his deep voice trembling. "I'm thirty-nine, and for twenty years I've never had a home. I went away from mother a baby, a big, hard-handed, soft-headed baby, and I come back soft-handed and hard-headed. I went away with tear-stained cheeks and a heart breaking with father's injustice, and bursting with love for poor, broken-spirited mother. I come back with my life-blood with me, and see the poor, old mother dying—yes, Lou, dying—and her loving eyes tell me that she had only lived for that she might again see me. Do you think I care? Can even my miserable old heart stand the sight of the bent shoulders and hesitating steps? Will mother never forgive me for the scars on those tired hands? Oh, my God, think of the break-down of the beautiful woman I can remember, and I was away and never gave her a word to help her over the rough places! She was straight and robust and had a form twice as enticingly beautiful as yours, and she was kind and laughed and coaxed just like yours do; and now! Oh, Lou! it makes me shrink under the load of guilt that my desertion puts upon me! What is she now? A wreck, a poor, old, worn-out household hack, and all these years I could have hired a girl to help her and scarce felt the drain on my purse. Her dim eyes will never cease reproaching me, and her faltering steps will go before me till I die. But, Lou, I never expected it. I really thought when I went away she and father would be happy. She told me to go. She said father would always be reproaching her while I was at home and saying she was making a loafer of me. She asked me to write to her just as I was going out the door, but father said, 'No! Let him go for good, and you an' him'll be no difference atwixt us.' I tried to come back, but father wouldn't let me, but now I'm sorry I didn't, for in my absence he's found other reasons for persecuting her. Poor old mother; she'll soon be at rest."

"What! do you think she's really sick, and—and—will likely die—soon?" questioned Lou, gazing down at a great bee.

"Yes, and mighty soon, too! The candle has burned out. Her heart has been aching itself to death. The pain is duller now, because the poor, old heart beats slowly."

"Have you and Bess been kind to her?" demanded Ben suddenly, his sombre eyes closely scanning his sister's face.

"I—we—we've tried, I think. I—I—I don't know," stammered Louie, as if she read an accusation in Ben's face. She faltered, and seeing her hands, cried piteously, "Oh, please don't look at me so. We didn't think she was so sick. Bessie's been up and down, and wouldn't let mother work, and I—I—I can't think what I've done for her. Oh, how selfish and wicked I must be!" she sobbed.

"Never mind, Louie," whispered Ben tenderly, as he lifted the face of the sobbing girl and gently patted her cheek. "You've done much to make her happy by being with her and mother half as she deserves. Dry your eyes, little one; it isn't for me to reproach you, even if I deserve it, and I don't believe I do. You haven't noticed the change in mother as I have—it comes to me like the stalling vision in a dreadful dream."

"And then it's twenty years since you left her, and everybody changes a lot in such a long time," ventured Lou in an uncertain tone, which threatened to sob at every word. "Don't you think maybe you are wrong in thinking her so near—near—so very sick?"

"Perhaps, Louie! Perhaps! I hope to God I am mistaken, but time will tell, and we must try and make her happy."

They walked silently homeward, Lou hanging her pretty head in remorseful meditation, Ben with his brow afrown, and now and then viciously kicking aside the purple thistle heads that adorned the unkempt lane.

"So Bessie is always thoughtful of mother?" he said at last.

"Yes, and so cool! She can manage father even when he is in a fury. She simply takes her own way, no matter what he says, and when he raves she stands and stares at him as if he was a show, and he can't stand it. Once he got so furious he raised his hand to strike her, but she never took her eyes off him nor winced, and he couldn't do it. I was afraid of it, I believe. Once, five or six years ago, I climbed into a dwarf pear tree and broke it, and fell down. Father and Bessie both came running out, and the minute father grabbed me he gave me a shake and a slap for breaking the tree, and Bess flew at him like a tiger, and said if he ever did that again she would strike him a rock. Father almost fainted with astonishment, and dropped me and went away without a word. Bess went into the house and no one saw her again till tea-time, and even then father daren't say a word. He struck Bess once when she was about ten, and she threw a fit lasting at him and nearly bled down the house. She never gets mad now, though; she's awful quiet! Father don't make as much of her as he does of me, but she won't notice it, and even when mother pets me, because she says I have 'Bennie's ways,' Bess isn't jealous, but goes around just the same, helping everybody. It's awful mean of me to set here with you, and Bess home getting dinner, and it's my day, too! You'll think I'm an awful mean, selfish girl, won't you?" cried Lou, with another spasm of remorse, strongly tinctured with self-consciousness.

"Yes, Louie, I will if you go on leaving all the burdens on Bessie. I hope you don't—always!"

"No indeed, not all. I do most of the sewing," cried Lou spiritedly, "that is, the nice sewing." Ben's eyes were on her face, and she blushed crimson as she read his thoughts—"but, of course, Bessie does most of the mending that mother doesn't do. But I'm going to teach school, and have passed my examination, and I haven't had as much time as Bess, and—"

Louie was stammering, and her apology, shamefaced and humiliated, till Ben stopped her.

"Never mind, Louie. I understand you and your weaknesses. I guess I have some of them myself and lots of others much worse. I ask nothing of you but to stand by me. If you can't do that I won't like you; if you can do it without waiting to ask if I am right or wrong, I'll believe in you and love you, even if you are a lazy little butterfly. Everybody can't be industrious in the same way and be useful to the same people, but everyone has a mission, and I guess yours is to look pretty and to be loving to some forlorn soul who has strength and energy and wants someone to soften him."

"I hope you'll like me, for if you do almost anybody would, for you've seen so many people and know the kind that's nice!" murmured Lou, looking down.

Ben glanced sharply at her. She was pretty, wonderfully shapely and delicate, and with enticing ways, and was selfish—yes, selfish. She looked up at him, and he saw that her eyes were dazzling, bright and beautiful. As she looked up she caught sight of a democrat wagon at the door of the house.

"Why, there's Calvin and Hulda," she cried; starting forward, "and gracious alive, Aunt Becky, too."

"Aunt Becky! Good heavens! she isn't alive yet?" exclaimed Ben, stopping stock still.

"Yes, she's deaf, and dumb, and blind, and eighty, and yet she can see and hear and shriek as well as anyone in Applebury. She has been away on a visit and she is coming back to stay. Oh, Ben, she's just awful—and has fits!"

CHAPTER V.

CALVIN, HULDA, AND AUNT BECKY.

"Jeth fanthy! Why, Louetha, you little pet! Come an' kith the mith minit! You look juth ready to drop! Terrible hot, Ithent it? Jeth fanthy, I couldn't get Calvin to ithit—(in a whisper)—only to bring Aunt Becky home. That's a splendid looking theller! Who ith 'el'?

"Why, that is brother Ben; he ju—"

"Jeth fanthy! Good heventha, an' thath's 'Bennie' Calvinth ma'th bin talkin' of tho much? Dear thakes alive, bleth my heart. Jeth fanthy! An' yet how much he rethemblieth Cal and hith ma!"

It made Lou laugh to hear this comparison. Cal was a shaved, red-bearded, pale-eyed, but two teeth missing in front, and was thin, and unkempt, and worried, and slouchy.

Hulda was buxom to a degree, blonde, with projecting upper teeth, a strong lisp, and an endless flow of conversation. She talked about everything and everybody, and never thought how things sounded. No one ever saw her radient cheeks wear a blush or saw her nimble tongue call a halt. Her heart was large and no beggar ever left her door naked or hungry, yet people dreaded to see her come. She had been scandalized, and she cared not: a preacher had been talked about because he liked to eat her pumpkin pie, and she fondled him as if he were her pet, and yet she had learned nothing of discretion. She dressed neatly because her clothes fitted her, and she had a form on which the plainest garments looked well. In fact, she was a streak of nature, a great boisterous, lisping mixture of sunshine and unconscious social dynamite; and the majority of the neighbors thought her a rather suspicious character.

"Jeth fanthy!" Welcome home, an' bleth your heart for coming, for your old mother wath juth dyin' to see yeh!" she cried, seizing Ben's outstretched hand. "There, turn your cheek, an' I'll kith you like a thiththan, an' if yeh can't live with your father, you can come up and thtay with me'n Calvin; can't he, Calvin?"

"That's what I just sed," snickered Calvin, with the broadest and reddest-haired grin imaginable.

"An' I know you won't git along 'ith your father be'—confidential—lowering—"he can't, an' I'm the moth eathily got-along-with daughter'n-law there ith! Ain't I, Calvin?"

"That's just what I sed," echoed Calvin with another red grin.

"Jeth fanthy! good grathious, goodneth, what is gone of Aunt Becky?"

"I took her into the house before Ben came up, and she went up-stairs to her room," exclaimed Bessie.

Calvin and Israel had gone to the barn with the team, and Lou and Bess and Calvin's wife were standing on the stoop by the kitchen door when Ben spoke up, and his deep, resonant voice came upon them with the attic stillness for the next moment a thin, shrieking voice called out, "Who is it? Who is it?" and next instant Bessie, who had opened the door at the foot of the stairs, jumped back. Crippled Aunt Becky, aroused by the idea that there was a visitor, had started down stairs on her hands and knees, feet foremost, and just then lost her footing and shot through the door like a bundle of old clothes. Everybody expected her to be fractured and bruised, but she was seriously hurt, and at once, when assisted to her feet, she fixed her eyes on Ben, and cried:

"O, Thon! there's Ruth Ann's boy! The croy-a-bable-cripsey hang-on-e-mammy's-t—"

This essentially inelegant distich emanating from the second childhood of Aunt Becky's startled Ben, but Bessie's gentle hand placed over the shrivelled mouth stopped the old dame's flow of words before the couplet was finished.

Aunt Becky had always been queer, but her old age was a marvel. Except on special occasions she was unable to hear, half-blind, and could only make her wishes known by strange, uncouth mumbling. Again she would be as alert in her hearing as an Indian, as sharp of vision as the Lynx-eyed, and as wicked of tongue as a spoiled youngster. Her physical activity was never renewed, but an impulse to rush uninvited into society offered overtook her with most calamitous results, both to her and the company. These spells of childish humor always occurred at the exact time when the family was most earnestly desiring to be undisturbed. It seemed as if a stranger's knock on the door acted as Gabriel's trump in Aunt Becky's ears and woke her up with a consuming anxiety to know who had arrived. The girls hated to have her in the house when visitors came, for even at the sound of strange steps Aunt Becky's ears would tingle, and with a rush she'd start for the door to welcome the newcomers with some poetical allusion from the nursery books of nearly eighty years ago. If she did not fall down the stairs in her headlong haste, she ordinarily wound up by having a fit or falling in the dove. When the neighbors spoke of Deacon Jones' virtues they referred to the fact that he had kept Aunt Becky, and the godliness of his speaking of his sister had such a selfish old tyrant hadn't killed her or sent her to the poor-house. Nothing gave the Deacon more pride than reference to the kind treatment of his sister. "It hain't nuthin' but my dooty by Becky—no more, ner no less," he was accustomed to say while complacently stroking his chin, "fer ever fer they ain't no bin my charge, an' her agrowin' more afflict in' every year, but I haint never tried t' shove her off, ner never complained thet th' Lord in His mercy haint seed fit t' remove her, though I can't deny thet she's bin a sore trial t' me sure enough!"

He never thought how sore a trial she'd been to his patient wife, who for two score years had been slaving for the beldame with no reward but abuse and heartless interference with the conduct of the household.

The Deacon had even hinted to his admiring friends that the most grievous feature of his case was the heartless conduct of his wife, who selfishly wanted to get rid of Aunt Becky, and had often begged him with tears and reproaches to send her away. Several of the brethren told him he was a noble man and deserved the Kingdom if any man ever did! But when they told their wives about it the women folks took Mrs. Jones' part, and told their husbands they would like to see them bring "any such old hag" to their house.

"So you are still alive, are you?" ejaculated Ben, staring at the old woman in evident disgust.

She broke into a toothless, crackling laugh, which almost immediately died away in a gurgle like the death rattle. Aunt Becky gave him no answer; she had relapsed into her idiot and dumb idiocy, and Bessie half-led and half-carried the old crone to her chair in the corner.

"Isn't she awful!" cried Louie despairingly, "and we've had her ever since I can remember, and always just like she is now."

"Wurth! Louie, dear, wurth! The'th an angel now to what The uthed to be. Jeth fanthy livin' with th'utch an old vixthen day in an' day out, an thinkin t'he'd never get t'hick and die like other people. Jeth fanthy! an' th'e muuth have tumbled down sthairth a thousthand timeth! Jeth fanthy! The'th only been at our houth a week and t'he'th fell over and down a dozen timeth! Jeth fanthy! An' yet t'he'th ath healthy ath a hired man. (Confidentially to Bessie)—Ifeth every door open, down thellar an' everywhere, hoping t'he'd manage to finith herthelf thumplathe! Nothing t'll ever kill her except a throke of lightening, an even then I believe t' t'he wath hit the'd juth jump up an' thout "wurth there! who'th there!" an' fall down thtairth, trying to get to the door to thay 'goothy, goothy, gander,' or thum thutch baby talk."

(To be Continued.)

Virginia Girls.

I know not whether it is the simplicity of their lives and backwoods riding, whether it is a beneficent gift of these high altitudes, or what, but the women generally are possessors of the most beautiful and lovely fine women ever saw. Nor is their beauty entirely superficial, either. They have to a large degree that highly desirable quality which is so universally desired—and, unfortunately, so rare in America—good conversational voices. Their manners too have a peculiar charm, distinctively their own, as fresh and graceful as the wild honeysuckle that nowhere else grows so abundantly and beautifully as on their wooded hills.—*American Magazine.*

HOLIDAY WINES
FINE LIQUORS, BOTTLED ALE,
ALL THE BEST BRANDS.
MARSLAND & KENNEDY
GROCERS, WINE AND LIQUOR MERCHANTS,
285 KING STREET WEST.

JAKE'S RESTAURANT
S. W. Cor. Bay & Adelaide Sts.,
Open all night. Strictly first-class. Ladies' Entrance on Adelaide street. JAKE'S VIRGINIA FRY, put up in boxes with crackers and pickles, a specialty. Only the best in the market served. Private dining rooms attached.

SELLING LIKE WILDFIRE!

EVERYBODY BUYING IT!

A Capital Thing to Send to Friends at Home.

ONLY TEN CENTS!
ONLY TEN CENTS!

At All Newsdealers, or direct from
GRIP PUBLISHING CO'Y
26-28 Front Street West, Toronto, Ont.

FOR TWENTY YEARS:

A Story of Love and Life in England.

BY MARY CECIL HAY,

Author of "Old Middleton's Money," "Victor and Vanquished," etc., etc.

CHAPTER I.

It was a fine morning in early spring as Farmer Hollingford stood at the gate of the Home Farm, and watched the hunt ride by.

At his side stood his eldest daughter Patience, and her eyes filled with tears as the hunt swept past, and she turned away to walk back to the house in silence.

"A pretty sight, lass," said the farmer; "there were a lot of 'em—George Yorke amongst the number, along o' Lady Adelaide, and——"

"He'd better be at the Manor Farm, minding his men, or old Gilbert Yorke, his father, than scaring over the fields with Lady Adelaide Harcourt."

"What would the old Countess have said to it?" cried a shrill voice. And the ample form of Mrs. Hollingford appeared. "Come, Patience, the oven's hot, and the bread's ready. George Yorke, indeed! Bonnie George Yorke, as they call him. "I've no patience with him."

"He used to be a favorite of yours, dame," said the farmer in surprise.

To which Mrs. Hollingford made no reply, but with a "Come on, lass," to pretty Patience, her daughter, re-entered the farm house.

"She's riled 'cause George hasn't been here o' late," thought the farmer. "I did think he were making up to Patience; but since Lady Adelaide came back from school he's been at her beck and call—a foolish fellow! What can George Yorke have to do with Lady Adelaide, well-to-do and handsome fellow as he is? He's but a farmer, and she's the earl's daughter. Hope as how Patience won't take it to heart, though. Girls are sott, and George is a pretty fellow."

As the farmer had said George Yorke was but a farmer, and Lady Adelaide the earl's daughter; but he had dared to fall desperately, hopelessly, in love with her, and Lady Adelaide's bright, dark beauty and lovely form had quite eclipsed the fair, blue-eyed Patience's charms in the young man's heart. Indeed, when he looked at Adelaide's high-bred features and velvety dark eyes, he wondered how he could ever have thought Patience pretty, and fancied (as he had fancied) that he had loved her. For him now there was but one woman in the world, and that one was Lady Adelaide Harcourt.

Lady Adelaide, since she had left school a year previously, had lived entirely—with the exception of a companion—alone at Yardly Castle.

Lord Hetherington, her father passed most of his time in London or abroad, and paid little heed to his daughter, whom he persisted in thinking of as yet a child.

He and his only son had quarrelled, and Lord Yardly was never seen at the castle; and few visitors ever troubled the old place since the death of Lady Hetherington many years before, except Lady St. Quentin, the earl's sister, who occasionally came down to pass a few days at the family seat and to have a look at her niece.

She was a lady of fashion, quite one of the leaders of society in the great world, and the manner of Lady Adelaide's bringing-up shocked and astonished her.

"She's running wild," she said. "She will grow up an uncouth hoyden, and will marry some country squire whom her father will cultivate, Hetherington. She has no education, no accomplishments, no manners."

"If she marries a country squire she won't want manners and accomplishments in your sense of the word, Cicely," said the earl, languidly. "I shall be well content if she makes a match with one of the country gentlemen of the neighborhood. I've no money to give him; I can't take her about; she'll have no chance of—"

"She will be lovely in a year or two," said Lady St. Quentin.

"I doubt it; she's all eyes, and as Brown as a gipsy. Then she's got the Hetherington mouth—too decided for beauty; and as to figure she's all angles."

"She will get over that" (Adelaide was but fifteen at the time); "and mark my words she'll turn out a beauty. If she does, I shall take her up. Hetherington, and give her a season in London," replied Lady St. Quentin, decidedly.

"Delighted! If you will be so kind as to take the trouble," replied the Earl, and from that day Lady St. Quentin had begun to take an interest in her neice, and to visit her more frequently than usual.

"Aunt Cicely is coming down next month, Mr. Yorke," said Lady Adelaide as, the run over, she and George Yorke turned their horses' heads homewards.

"Is she?" he replied, a look of disappointment filling his handsome face; "then I fear we shall not meet often."

Lady Adelaide looked at him coquettishly.

"Why, you see me nearly every day. Mr. Yorke, (well, George, then, but I suppose I ought't to call you so). Ah n't you tired of my company sometimes?"

"I! as if that were possible!" he answered reproachfully. "Let us ride through Crawly Woods, Lady Adelaide; that is, if you are not in a hurry. I am loth to get home, and—and leave you."

She assented, and they were presently riding under the trees over the soft green turf, the primroses and violets filling the air around with their fragrance.

"Let us halt a bit," he said, pulling up, and jumping from his horse. "Here is a delightful seat under the trees. Won't you dismount and have a rest, Lady Adelaide?"

And in another moment she was seated at the foot of a wide-spreading elm, and he, having secured the horses to a neighboring tree, was beside her.

Her little hand lay on the turf at her side, and as he seated himself the fell on it. The touch sent a shiver of delight through him. In a moment the little hand was imprisoned in his strong sunburnt palm, and was not withdrawn.

For a moment there was silence between them; then he spoke.

"Ah! what a fool's paradise I am living in!" he said bitterly. "Oh! if I dared—if I only dared!"

"If you only dared what, George?" she said, in a low, sweet voice, her cheeks flushing and her heart beating. "Is there anything you dare not do? I can't believe it."

"Ah, but there is! I dare not say what I feel—I dare not anger you, Lady Adelaide," he replied.

"Lady Adelaide!' and I call you George!" she said reproachfully. "I don't think anything you could say would anger me."

"Don't you!—then will you promise me not to be angry if I tell you how I love, adore you, Adelaide?" he said passionately pressing the hand he held to his lips. "Ah! I have longed to tell you so this long time!"

"And did you think I would be angry?" she said, looking shyly into his flushed, handsome face. "George, George, why were you so silly?"

"Because I am George Yorke, a farmer's son, and you are Lady Adelaide Harcourt!" he replied, bitterly. "Think of the difference twixt us!"

"There is none," she replied, hotly.

"None! Ah, you don't see it as I do. I know it is madness on my part to love you."

"Madness!" she laughed; "let me be mad for my sake, George. Ah! my bonny George Yorke!" and she looked lovingly into his eyes. "You are my equal in all things; I am proud to think you love me."

And the little head, with its wealth of dark brown hair, sunk on the young man's shoulder and George Yorke's wildest dream was realized. Lady Adelaide loved him, and one day, no matter what friends, relations or father might say—one day she would be his wife.

Full an hour passed on, and they sat together beneath the huge elm tree, then reluctantly enough they mounted their horses and rode homeward; Adelaide in the wildest spirits, George overcome and sobered by the depth of his unexpected happiness.

A month later and Lady St. Quentin and the earl were at the castle. It was several months since she had seen her niece, and fully a year and a half since the earl had seen his daughter.

"You see I was right, Hetherington, Adelaide has turned out a beauty; there will not be a girl in London next season to equal her. I shall remain here a couple months and then go on to Scotland, for I don't intend being in town this season, and I think I may take Adelaide with me, and next season introduce her" cried her ladyship, triumphantly.

"What will she say to it, I wonder!" said the earl. "She professes to love this old tumble-down place, and to hate the idea of London life"

"Bah! it's only because she knows no better," replied her ladyship, carelessly. "Leave Adelaide to me; I will manage her."

"You'll have your work cut out for you. She has the Hetherington temper, Cicely," laughed the earl, as he lounged away. "Adelaide loves her horses and dogs, and the stables and hunting-fields, far more than fine balls and fine people."

And Lady St. Quentin found her task a much harder one than she expected.

Adelaide had no wish to leave Yartly, nor to see the world; in fact, she objected to it strongly.

There was a scene between the two ladies: the Earl was called in. Adelaide was rated for her folly and ingratitude, and finally ordered by the Earl, whose word was not to be disputed, to be ready to leave Yardly whenever her aunt bade her.

"She cannot have lost her heart to any of the squires about, surely?" said Lady St. Quentin, anxiously.

And her ladyship kept a keen lookout, and not until she spied George Yorke in church one Sunday afternoon and marked a look or two pass between him and her niece, could she settle on anyone in her own mind who could have touched Adelaide's Fancy.

"A very handsome young fellow, though quite one of the people," she said, looking at George through her glasses, as she got into the carriage, in a way that made Adelaide's blood boil. "Ah! George Yorke. Yes; I remember old Yorke at the Manor Farm, years ago. A dangerous man. Adelaide is a fool; she must go to Scotland with me in July," she thought, little imagining how far things had gone between the young people, or dreaming of the meetings that almost daily took place between them. "I suppose Mr. Yorke is the great match in the village, and that all the pretty dairymaids and farmers' daughters are mad about him!" she added.

"I did hear some that he was to marry pretty Patience Hollingford," said the Earl.

"Who said so, father?" asked Adelaide, flushing.

"What! that pretty blue-eyed girl who came up to the Castle yesterday? A very fitting match," said her ladyship.

"Yes, a good girl," exploded the Earl, without answering Adelaide's question, or noticing her annoyance, which, however, did not escape Lady St. Quentin's watchful eye.

That evening her departure to Scotland was definitely fixed.

"And so you are to be taken from me!" cried George, as he held his weeping Adelaide in his arms one summer's evening, when they met at a certain place arranged beforehand, in a thick copice not far from the castle. "Adelaide, I knew how it would be. I shall lose you; they will separate us; you will forget me!"

"Forget you!—never, George," she cried. "Oh, if I were only of age!"

"Yes, if; but you will not be yet for nearly two years, and before that time is over, Heaven only knows what mischief that woman may have wrought between us! Eight months! How can I live without you for that time, darling?"

And he kissed her passionately, as she assured him over and over again that she would never forget him.

Fate was merciful to the lovers, however, Lady St. Quentin was suddenly laid low with an attack of illness, and it was August before she was able to think of undertaking her journey to Scotland, and the lovers had time and opportunity for many meetings; and a plan which had entered George Yorke's head, but which, for some time, he hesitated to communicate to Adelaide, was matured and pondered over, till at last the young fellow could keep it to himself no longer, and resolved that, come what might, if Adelaide were but willing, it should be carried out.

At first she hesitated, trembled, doubted. Was it that she did not really love him—that already her aunt's worldly counsels and advice were influencing her? Was she afraid to take the final step, and to join her future to his, unknown to all?

This was George's plan, this was the project he whispered to her one evening when they met as usual at their trysting place.

He was to follow them to Scotland, and there Adelaide was to become his wife. Then he was to leave her, which he could well do with a quiet heart, knowing that she was his forever, and that nothing could separate them more, till she was of age.

"I would declare it to the world then and there if I had my way, and take you with me to the Manor Farm," he went on, vehemently. "Yes; I know that your fortune—the few thousand that you have would be lost to you; but what is that to me, Adelaide? It is you I want, not your money! I have enough to spare. We could live well at the Farm, without help from anyone. "Ah! if you loved me as I love you, you would not hesitate."

Adelaide strove to reassure him.

In her own selfish fashion—for Adelaide was selfish, and vanity, as much, and more than love, swayed her heart—she loved George Yorke; but to marry him, and lose her fortune, and break ones and forever with her family, was a step that could not bring her mind to, but the other part of the proposition—a secret marriage—she was not so averse to.

When she was twenty-one, and her father found that she was married, and it was useless to oppose her wishes, she thought he might make the best of it and give in.

She would then be George's wife; her fortune would be her own, and her father would yet be their friend.

All these thoughts passed quickly through her mind as she listened to George's passionate pleadings, and after a certain amount of hesitation, she consented.

His joy and delighted knew no bounds, and she felt proud of the power she possessed over him, and of the love with which she had inspired him.

And she ran quickly back to the Castle that evening, her heart lighter and happier than it had been for many a week.

"My George—my bonnie George!" she said; "they shall never part us. Soon after Aunt Cicely takes me from here, I shall be his wife."

The plan was not difficult to carry out. Lady St. Quentin was closely confined to her room after her journey.

This state of affairs continued throughout the period of residence required by the Scotch law, and during this time George Yorke resided in the town, near the mansion where Lady St. Quentin had come to stay.

The banns were proclaimed without anyone being the wiser, and in due course Lady Adelaide Harcourt and George Yorke were married.

"It is hard to leave you, my own sweet wife," said George, tenderly, as, the short ceremony over, they wandered together on the breezy heath outside the little town; "but you are mine now, Adelaide—my own wife!"

"Yes, Lady Adelaide Yorke now," she said, proudly, looking up into his face with a bright smile. "You will trust me now, George, won't you?"

"Ay, that I will, my sweet!" he replied. "How can I ever thank you enough for what you have done for me to-day, Adelaide? Ah! if this weary year and a half were but past, then I would show you how I love you."

"It will soon pass, darling," she said; but her voice quivered, and tears filled her eyes.

It made her very sad to think of parting from her husband, but it had to be.

Perhaps, for a moment, he regretted that she had decided it should be so; but it was too late to alter now; the last farewell was said, and Lady Adelaide hurried back to the house fearful that her aunt might have missed her.

"How well you look, child!" said aunt Cicely, as she entered; "you have such a color! Mark my words, you will make a sensation at Stiermont. We go there next week. Lady Stiermont is a person of some consequence, and always has the best people at the castle."

A lovely place was Stiermont castle, backed by high mountains, with the deep loch before it the river rushing through the glen seaward to the right of it.

Even Adelaide, who had been led to expect great things by her aunt, was surprised by its beauty, and grew expectant and interested as their carriage drew up at the Castle gate.

The interior of the Castle was no less beautiful than its surroundings.

Adelaide was delighted with the spacious hall, decorated with suits of armor and with all of arms; the corridors hung with ancient tapestries; the drawing-rooms decorated with all that good taste and money could procure that was beautiful and appropriate to the style of the building; and when dressed for dinner in a lovely toilette—one of the many Lady St. Quentin had ordered for her from town—she followed her aunt into the drawing-room, she was too much taken up by the beauties around her to notice the sensation her appearance created among the assembled guests.

Lady Stiermont, their hostess, gave Lady St. Quentin a significant smile as she kissed Adelaide kindly.

Lady Cranmore, a middle-aged gentleman, but a great admirer of beauty, stood as if struck dumb at the sight of her.

Lady Roche, a magnificent woman, a little on the shady side of thirty, looked her over anxiously and then smiled. The younger ladies stopped their talk for one second, as they glanced at her.

The Duke of Almadale—the great match—looks at her in undisguised admiration; and even Lady Nanny a sour old maid of a dozen turn, whispered a word of approbation to her next-door neighbor and asked in an audible whispes who the new beauty was.

Lady Roche said a few words in a low tone to her friend the Duke, to which she replied in the same key, and then she walked across the room and was introduced to Adelaide—an honor which the Duke requested a few moments later, rather to Lady Roche's displeasure, for she considered his Grace her own property, and felt inclined to give him up to the newcomer; and as the evening passed on, and he paid marked attention to Adelaide, her ill-temper visibly increased.

But as days passed on, Lady Roche found that it was no use showing her temper. She had lost her empire over the Duke, and his allegiance had been transferred from her to Lady Adelaide.

The Duke prolonged his visit to Stiermont for several days more than he had intended. Adelaide fascinated him. She was so fresh and unsophisticated, so unlike the girl he was accustomed to meet, as well as so beautiful and pleasant.

She took his attentions so quietly, too; just as a matter of course; yet, in fact, she was indifferent to them, instead of courting them, as most young ladies did; and this very coldness and distance in her manner had a fascination for the handsome Duke, which it was so seldom he had experienced it in others.

But how very far he was from guessing at the real reason of Adelaide's behavior.

"You have made a great impression on the Duke, my dear," Lady St. Quentin said to her, and the day before they left Stiermont; "you have acted very prudently. He is following us to Sutherlandshire."

Lady Adelaide looked at her aunt with startled eyes.

"The Duke! He is nothing to me! I do not care whether he comes to us or not!" she said; which speech Lady St. Quentin laughed incredulously.

The visits in Scotland being all paid, Lady St. Quentin determined to spend the winter abroad. In vain Adelaide begged to return to Yardly; her ladyship would not hear of it. The Duke was to be on the Continent; her ladyship hated Yardly. Why did Adelaide wish to go back there?

So Adelaide had to write a sorrowful little letter to George Yorke, telling him their return to Yardly had been postponed—to George Yorke, who had been counting the days to Christmas, when he believed he should see her again.

And then Lady St. Quentin and Adelaide went abroad, and the letters he received from his wife grew fewer and farther between, and a great dread fell on George's heart. Adelaide was his, but would her love remain his? Was her heart still his as well as her hand?

The winter passed slowly on. Patience Hollingford was often at the Manor Farm, helping in the housekeeping, for old Gilbert Yorke loved the lass well and liked to have her about him.

Vainly did poor Patience look for a sign of that love from George Yorke. He was strangeering and thirsting. George was cold though friendly, and she saw plainly enough that he not only did not care for her, but loved another; and who that other was, by the intuition of her jealous, loving heart, she knew full well; and she pitied George, thinking how hopeless his love was, but little dreaming of the torment and misery he was enduring.

Spring came, and then summer. Adelaide and her aunt were in London, and Adelaide had been launched into the great world and created all the sensation her aunt had hoped for.

She had been presented at court and won an admiring smile from royalty. She was feted, flattered, followed about, and praised and admired to her heart's content. And intoxicated by vanity and a newly-awakened love of pleasure, she thought less and less of George Yorke, her husband; or if she did remember him, she put the thought of him away from her as much as possible; and more and more often there came into her heart a bitter regret that she had been so rash and headstrong and decided her destiny in life before she had had time to see the world and form a clear judgment of it for herself.

Meanwnile the Duke of Almadale was her devoted admirer, and for his sake (so the world believed) she had refused several excellent offers.

(To be Continued.)

At the Telegraph Office.

"I want you to send this message to Miss Brown at Galveston. Her mother is not expected to live," said a Texas ranger to an Austin telegraph operator.

Operator takes the message, sits down at his table and begins to send it over the wires.

"Hold up! Don't give it to her so fast. She's got heart disease. Go slow. Break it to her gently."

The Most Refreshing Place He Had Seen.

Now and then a "specimen" of the bygone race of river boatmen, who have mostly settled down to farming, will turn up on the Western steamboats, and on such occasions their propensity to "rough fun" will break out afresh. Some years since one of them took passage from New Orleans, and for several days he seemed quite desponding for lack of excitement. At last the boat put into Napoleon, in the State of Arkansaw, for navigation. Just at the moment there was a general fight, extending all along in front of the town. The unhappy passenger, fidgeting about, jerking his feet up and down, as if they were touching upon hot bricks, inquired of a spectator:

"Stranger, is this 'ere a free fight?"

"Wal, I reckon it are," was the prompt reply; "if you want to go in you needn't stand on any cermony."

The passenger went in and soon came out again, appearing to be reasonably satisfied. Groping his way on board, his hair half torn out, his coat in tatters, one eye closed up and several of his teeth knocked into his throat, he sat down on a hencoop and soliloquized:

"So this is Ne-po-le-on, is it? It's jest the most refreshing place I've seen in many a day!"

Lovely Woman.

"Oh, woman, woman!" shrieked an orator in a speech the other night, "thou art the light, the life the salvation of the world! I *shudder* when I think of what this world would be without thy gentle, refining, ennobling influence. I bow at thy shrine, acknowledging thy purity and truth! There is nothing, no *nothing*, so beautiful, so true, so perfect, as a woman! I reverence and bow down before them!"

And when he went home he said to the woman who was so unfortunate as to be his wife:

"What you let the fire get so low for? you knew I'd come home half froze. You're just like the rest of the women, you haven't a thought beyond your nose. Stir around and get me a cup of hot tea, can't you? See if you can do that much for a fellow. I'd just like to know what you women think you're good for, anyhow!"

Love's Silence.

Sweet, shall I ask thee why thou art so still,
Gazing as far into the deeps of space,
With shadows of the twilight on thy face,
And eyes that quick with dewy moisture fill?
Why is thy laughter's mellow ripples all
Silent and dumb? What chrism of perfect grace
Shall fall upon those lips and find a place
To bid their accents on the dusk to thrill?
Why art thou voiceless, love? Ah speak to me
With speech that ever into joy grows.
She turns her eyes, that hold me in their thrall,
As dark and sweet as night upon the sea,
Saying, while one swift look upon me glows,
"Love is unutterable, and is all."

A Primitive Heliograph.

One of the most remarkable cases of signaling was during the Zulu campaign, where Colonel Pearson, of the British army, with 1,300 men, was surrounded by 20,000 Zulus at Ekhowe and all communication with the British forces at the fort was cut off. Harrassed by the savages, suffering from the want of food and almost without hope, he gave courage to his men and sustained them in the defense of the place for three months, by means of an ordinary hand mirror. He used this as a heliograph and flashed messages to the fort, twenty-five miles distant. They had to wait until troops could come to their relief from England, and this hand mirror was their salvation.—*Washington Star.*

No Lean There.

She was a fat girl, eminently practical, and she had a sentimental sweetheart.

"Lean on me, darling," he whispered, softly, as he held out his arms to her.

"I can't do it, Herbert," she answered, tenderly.

"But you must, angel mine."

"But I can't, Herbert, dear, for there's no lean in my constitution."—*Washington Critic.*

At the Church Supper.

Mrs. Altarall (graciously)—You attend church regularly, I believe, Mr. Pugh?

Mr. P.—Of course I do; as regularly as the days come.

Mrs. P. (viciously—Mr. Pugh goes to church regularly, thrice a year; namely, on Christmas, Easter and Good Friday.—*Pittsburg Bulletin.*

ICHI BAN
DIRECT IMPORTERS
OF
JAPANESE GOODS
Are just in receipt of their
Christmas
Novelties.
IT WILL PAY YOU TO
VISIT OUR STORE
BEFORE MAKING YOUR
HOLIDAY
PURCHASES.
ICHI BAN
81 Yonge Street.
CHILDREN'S
Dresses and Costumes
Children's Coats. Fancy Flannel Dresses.
Self-color Flannel Dresses. Plaid Dresses.
Boys' Kilt Suits, in Cloth, Velvet and Corduroy.
Small Boys' Suits, in Tweed and Velvet, Knee Pants.
Boys' Suits and Overcoats made to Order.
Ladies' Flannel Skirts, Scarlet and Gray.
Ladies' Dressing Sacques and Gowns.
Ladies' Print Wrappers, etc., etc.
PAGE & PAGE
MANUFACTURERS,
206 and 208 Yonge Street.

WHEATON & CO.
17 King St. West, cor. Jordan.
SCARF SALE.
50 CENT SCARFS FOR 25 CENTS.
We show the Largest and Finest Assortment of New Scarfs ever handled by one house in the city.
MEN'S FURNISHING GOODS IN ALL LINES
LOW PRICES.
WHEATON & CO.
17 King Street West, corner Jordan.

GRAND PACIFIC HOTEL,
CORNER KING AND JOHN STREETS,
Is Now Open. Toronto's Great Family Resort. Strictly First-class.
Special arrangements to families for the winter months. Table unsurpassed. Special terms to Commercial Travelers.
C. L. VAN WORMER, Proprietor.

Fashion Gossip.

DEAREST LIZZIE.—You ask me whether the word "moire" ought to have an accent on the e or not? Well, dear, it entirely depends on how it is used. The name of the material itself is moire, without the accent; but if you use the word before silk, velvet, or ribbon, it becomes an adjective, and is written moiré. French is the language of millinery, just as Italian is of music, and German of metaphysics. It is almost impossible to write of fashionable dress without using French terms.

Tell Eleanor that I have been enquiring about her half-length sealskin jacket, and find that she can have it cut into a smart-looking short one without being so extravagant as she fears, for the pieces cut off will be either returned to her to utilise as jacket or dress trimmings, or can be converted into a muff, boa, or high double collar, such as I described to you a few weeks ago. Still, if she drives much in an open vehicle in the country, I strongly advise her to retain the jacket as it is, for the extra protection it affords. I, for one, could never walk in a sealskin coat, as it makes me far too hot; but for driving on dog-carts or mail phaetons, or even in the little "cigar-boxes," a sealskin is invaluable. I hate closed carriages, too, and would really rather not go out at all than "take the air" in a brougham. There is a "burr-rr" about them that invariably gives me a headache after the first half-hour. Besides, if you open the window, you are certain to catch cold; and if you do *not* open it, you feel half-suffocated.

The Prince's Cinderellas are coming on again soon. The first is to be on the 24th, and we are going, of course. Maud has taken a new departure, and is going to wear a yellow Liberty silk, all softness and suppleness, trimmed with garlands of red-brown autumn leaves. She will have an inch-wide bit of red-brown velvet round her neck, fastened with a diamond clasp. In her hair will be a cluster of the leaves and an aigrette of yellow rosebuds.

We drove to Miss Houston's to consult her about my dress. She does fit so beautifully that I resolved to go there, and she is composing for me a harmony in silver grey. Now, attend carefully, while I explain it all to you. The bodice is to be moire, with the most classically-shaped short sleeves of grey crepe-de-chine. These are tied on the top of the shoulder with small knots of grey moire ribbon. In front of the low bodice is a sweet little jabot made of the crepe-de-chine, and at either side of this a silver galloon runs up to the shoulder and down to the point at the waist. The skirt is made of the moire at the sides, and at the back is a waterfall of grey tulle dotted with silver spangles. The front is all crepe-de-chine, with a sash of the moire coming from the sides, tied loosely in the center, and falling to the feet with fringed out ends.

I think I ought to look nicer in that dress than ever I looked before. I am getting rather old, you see, dear; so old, in fact, that I don't even like to see the years of my life written down in cruel black and white, and staring rudely up at me from the paper. And the older a girl grows, the more attention she ought to pay to her dress, in order to make up, in some measure, for the deductions of time, and to draw away attention from her fading face.

But do we not live in pleasant times for the older among us? It is terribly unfashionable now-a-days to be ridiculously young. Nothing under twenty-five is really "correct." I saw a woman the other day whom I should have guessed at thirty, or thirty-two at the very most. But I am told that she is fifty. I suppose it is the vigorous, open-air life that English women now lead that keeps them so well preserved. But, be this as it may, there is no question of the fact that a woman of thirty-five who looks about twenty-eight is likely, all other things being equal, to bear away the social palm from a woman who is actually twenty-eight and no more. Perhaps it is her superior experience. Who can tell?

While we were arranging about my evening dress, we saw some very pretty walking and visiting dresses made of very soft woollen fabrics, chiefly in stripes. You would immensely admire one made of dark green vicuna, over a skirt of bright red moire. Much of this latter was covered, but at one side a good deal of the moire was visible, and at the other, three or four flat pleats of it showed the vicuna falling straight at either side of these and edged with a wide galloon in cashmere colors, and quite Oriental in appearance. Two bars of this galloon crossed the pleats diagonally near the top. On the bodice was a zouave, simulated by means of an edging of the galloon, and a collar of the latter. A waistcoat of the red moire came down in a sharp point in front. Matching this very pretty dress were a muff and bonnet made of green velvet and each trimmed with a garland of gold and bronze marguerites, a band of gold passementerie, and an indescribable little spray of feathers, which looked like a slender wreath of grey green smoke. The bonnet was particularly becoming, being stringless, and having the velvet closely gathered under the brim. It was in scarlet velvet and gold passementerie, and was a really lovely thing.

We also noticed a capital "tailor-made," which looked as though it *must* fit. It was in striped woollen stuff, and the bodice was made with a lappel of red cloth, which turned back in one reverse from the chest, and below that simulated a waistcoat, being stitched with several rows on the right side, and by some means admirably moulded to the form of the waist.

One dress was in bright green velvet trimmed with rich fringes of black jet. Another was in black velvet, trimmed with a handsome passementerie in gold, bronze and beige.

I told you, dear, that we had been altering our house and twisting our furniture about—a really delightful occupation. We have been buying brackets and ornaments to stand on them, and have quite transformed our new room by means of "frippery" of various sorts. We could not get exactly the shape that we wanted in brackets for holding some quaint-looking Indian idols and exquisite Lithorhpze vases, so we got a carpenter to make them, and we have been busy painting them with Aspinall's ivory enamel. We are simply enchanted with the result of our labors, and are about to set to work on a milking-stool which has rather lost its pristine freshness, but will look quite a thing of beauty when invested with a coat of sparrows' egg blue. There is, to my mind, a peculiar fascination in this sort of work. I think Nature must have intended me for either a painter (a house-painter, I mean) or a carpenter, for I delight in messing about with paint or in knocking in nails. If the nails would go in quite straight always, the bliss would be unalloyed, save for an occasional tap of the hammer on one's fingers. We have also enamelled one of those pretty little corner chairs that we got long ago at Liberty's. It was black, but we are doing it in a shade of apple green, and it will, we think, be very pretty. Just at this moment it is in the condition of those pictures that one sees in shop windows with one half "restored" and the other half left with all its original "tone" upon it, in order more clearly to elucidate the skill of the restorer.

I had almost forgotten to tell you of the pretty bridesmaids' dresses I saw at a wedding last week. They wore pale eau-de-nil, with prawn-pink vests. The hats were a becoming adaptation of the beefeater variety, and had tea-roses for a trimming. Each girl carried a bouquet of exquisite tea-roses. The bride's voice sounded very fresh and sweet, as she took the solemn vows, and the bridegroom spoke his lines as though he really meant them. The Rev. Henry White married them in his usual confidential manner, which must be quite soothing to the contracting parties. Why should the officiating clergyman shout the questions as is usually done? He is not marrying all the couples in the church.

Last week, for a couple of days, the weather was, to say the least of it, a trifle violent; and you know what this means when one is walking on King street, especially when one gets to that horrible corner on Yonge. Woe, indeed, be to those who are not well booted and stockinged; and woe it was to one poor girl, who looked charmingly spick and span until she reached the fatal corner, when boots very loose and untidy round the ankles, and worn on the instep, and stockings that were a ghastly con trast to her outside neat appearance, were ruthlessly revealed to view.

One lady, however, did venture out in a bright, royal-blue plush dress; under any circumstances she would, on account of her size, have been conspicuous; in this gown she was disagreeably so. Two sisters were attractively neat in twin costumes, though Charlie remarked that it was a pity that, besides putting on their pretty dresses, they also insisted on putting on so much "side." By the way, what a good word "side" is! What a lot it means that could not be otherwise expressed without using fifty words! I hope it isn't slangy.

The most extraordinary thing I saw in wraps was a large, blue silk scarf, thrown round the shoulders, and having across the front a wide strip of beaver fur. Perhaps, however, it was in keeping with the dress it surmounted—a huge, yellow-brown plaid. *The* thing just now seems to be beaver fur. All the best-dressed women have a piece of it about them. Some have their dresses handsomely trimmed with it, others use it as bordering, whilst others content themselves with a little bit round the brim of their hats.

Here's a recipe for making mulligatawny, given by a native to Mrs. ——. You must try it at once. Mulligatawny is a capital soup in cold weather:

Make two large cupfuls of mutton broth. Cut up a chicken, and boil it in the broth for a good half hour or more, first mixing in a tablespoonful of curry powder or paste. Slice two onions, fry brown in 1 oz. of butter, add them to the chicken and broth, and place them for some minutes over a slow fire. and, just before serving, add half a cup of cocoanut milk and some lemon juice. The cocoanut milk should be made by scraping the cocoanut very fine, pouring boiling water upon it, and, after it has stood for some time, squeezing it through muslin. If you cannot get a cocoanut, use cream.

Ever your loving cousin, GRACE.

The Man Who Stares.

One of the most disagreeable characters that everyone meets on the streets of a large city is the starer. Every now and then, after being a few moments absorbed in thought or engaged in conversation, I look around or ahead and find that some man is intently and impudently gazing at me. When I was much younger than I am now, this used to discomfort me, and I would walk away to get out of the blackguard's sight. But one day I read a story of circumstantial evidence about a man who came near being hanged for murder that he did not commit, and mainly because, from first to last, he could not look his accusers in the face. That opened my eyes, not only to the unmanliness but to the absolute danger there was in a cowardly management of the eyes.

The result was that I made a resolution then, which I have adhered to ever since, that whenever I caught a person staring at me I would immediately and savagely stare back at him until he averted his gaze. I subsequently went further, and resolved that whenever I was speaking to anyone I would look him steadfastly in the eye, and all the more if I felt the slightest aversion to do so. I am the happy father of three children—two sons and a daughter. My daughter I teach never to be conscious that any one is staring at her; but I exact it from my boys, inflexibly, that they shall everywhere and on all occasions look people straight in the eye, and I impress it upon their minds that they shall never fail to repay a starer in his own coin. I have an idea that the lesson will be worth more to them in after life than a legacy of a million.—*Chicago Journal.*

A Far-seeing Youth

"Say, Mister, is all them commin, to this house?" asked a small boy as a wagon load of shingles drove up.

"Yes," responded the driver.

"What are you goin' to do with them?"

"Your father's going to shingle the roof of his new barn."

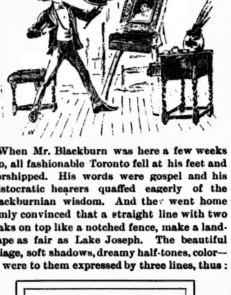
"Say, Mister, said the boy, confidentially, as he slid up to the side of the wagon, "Is twenty-five cents any object to you?"

"I reckon so."

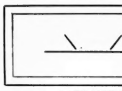
"Well, all I wanted was for you to see to the removal of all them shingles that don't go onto the barn."

A Christmas present which will be appreciated by every one is a Queen's Favorite Toilet Box, to be had at all drug and fancy stores.

Art and Artists.



When Mr. Blackburn was here a few weeks ago, all fashionable Toronto fell at his feet and worshipped. His words were gospel and his aristocratic hearers quaffed eagerly of the Blackburnian wisdom. And they went home firmly convinced that a straight line with two peaks on top like a notched fence, make a landscape as fair as Lake Joseph. The beautiful foliage, soft shadows, dreamy half-tones, color—all were to them expressed by three lines, thus:



LAKE JOSEPH.

It requires considerable imagination to figure this thing out properly, and I must confess that it is only in rare moments that I can, by the aid of these simple marks of genius, transport myself to a scene of sensuous summer beauty. But in the meantime every society man and woman in Toronto can tell you about the value of a line.

Mr. Blackburn's opinions on the modern dress question, by the way, are rather decided. He loves clinging robes—Mother Hubbards, perhaps—and things of that sort. I hardly expect to see the ladies of Toronto taking his advice in this as readily as they did in points of art. Mr. Blackburn, besides being a professional art critic, paints a little himself. In appearance he is small and has not that air of intellectuality about him which his many talents would lead one to expect. He stayed for some time when here with Sir W. P. Howland, who is an intimate friend of his.

*

College avenue is becoming quite artistic. That fashionable thoroughfare is to have an addition to its artist studios, as Mr. J. C. Forbes the well-known portrait painter, has bought a house there, in which he intends fitting up a handsome studio.

*

I was shown the other day a little canvas by J. Kerr Lawson, done since his return to Paris, which has a nicer feeling for color than anything he has done as yet that I have seen.

*

The Toronto Art League met on Monday evening for its usual monthly chat on art and business. From a circular just issued, I notice that these meetings are held on the first Monday of each month. Papers on art topics are read and discussed. The League's latest departure is a class for ladies, for study from still life, coat and costume model, every Wednesday and Friday at 3 p. m. The League is doing good work and deserves success. If the Ontario Society of Artists were only as active as this little league, it would be more of a credit to this city and country.

*

A great many patent methods of arriving at proficiency in art are advertised; but the only real road thitner is by intelligent study and experiment. There are methods for making your work easier, but none by which the work can be avoided. Get the best tools your means will permit and learn to use them; but do not rely on patent contrivances which are guaranteed to do what your hand, directed by your intelligence, alone can accomplish.

*

At the Academy. Two critics are examining the pictures.

First Critic—Pretty poor stuff, eh? Regular lot of potboilers: not an idea among 'em, not a gleam.

Second Critic—Yaas, dreadful rubbish; but I suppose these fellows must live, you know.

First Critic—Gad! I can't exactly perceive the necessity.

*

In the Studio. Two painters are reading the papers.

First Painter—Regular rot, these criticisms, old man. Poorest kind of penny a lining. No rhyme or reason in 'em at.

Second Painter—Perfectly idiotic. Still, even idiots must do something for a living you know.

First Painter—But why the devil should they live.

Curious Finds.

Curious finds have not unfrequently been made in trees. Some woodcutters in the forest of Drommling made a strange discovery. They began to fell a venerable oak, which they soon found to be quite hollow. Being half-decayed, it speedily came to the ground with a crash, disclosing a skeleton in excellent preservation; even the boots, which came above the knee, were perfect. By its side were a powder-horn, a porclain pipe bowl and a silver watch. The teeth were perfect it would seem to be a skeleton of a man between 30 and 40 years of age. It is conjectured that, while engaged in hunting, he climbed the tree for some purpose and slipped into the hollow trunk, from which there was no release, and he probably died of starvation. Another mystery was found in the heart of an oak.

From a tree of this kind a large block about eighteen inches in diameter, that had been knocking about in various yards and woodsheds, was split up lately, and in it was found an auger hole about three-fourths of an inch in size, containing a bunch of human hair done up in a piece of printed paper. The hair was near the center of the block and fastened in with a pine plug. It was apparently put in when the tree was quite small, as the tree had grown over the plug to the thickness of about four inches, with the grain perfectly smooth and straight. A natural curiosity was shown in a timber merchant's workshop. This was the nest and skeleton of a bird imbedded in a piece of beech. The timber seemed quite sound all round the cavity, and there was no sign of any aperture in it; but the timber being sawn up, the nest with the bird sitting upon it was found.

The nest appeared to be built with mud and the bird resembled a titmouse. Probably at the lopping of a branch a cavity was formed and the outside subsequently grown over; but how the bird was inclosed seems difficult to imagine. In the center of a log of Honduras mahogany the saw revealed a large piece of honey-comb. The finder says the wax with the cells was hard and resembled in color the appearance of a mummy. The remains of the bees were incrusted in the wax. Another log of mahogany was being cut in veneers by a cabinet maker, when his attention was attracted by the appearance of a remarkable and striking profile of her majesty in a knot in the wood. The likeness was so true that all who saw it acknowledged the resemblance.—*Chambers' Journal.*

How They Do It in Boston.

The modern girl doesn't give herself away when she allows herself to be wooed and won. She compels her adoring swain to surrender himself. Per example, says the *Boston Transcript*.

He put on his hat, slowly started for the door, hesitated, came back, sighed deeply, and took the lily-white hand in his own and pressed it to his lips.

"Kate," he murmured, "I have waited long—oh, how long!—for this opportunity. Will you, Kate, will you, darling be mine?"

"Henry," she replied, with a look half of sorrow and half of determination, "it can never be."

"Never be! Oh, why have you permitted me to hope? Why have you encouraged me, only to stamp upon my bleeding heart at last?"

"I am sorry, Henry, but I can never be yours. I have other objects in view."

"Other objects?"

"Yes, Henry; I cannot consent to belong to any man. I intend that you shall be mine."

Crushed.

As the audience were leaving a Paris theater an overdressed dandy threw away the cigar he had just lighted, and raising his hat to a charming-looking, but unprotected American lady, said: "May I call a cab?" A faint look of astonishment on the lady's face was followed by a smile and a sweetly-murmured "Merci." When the cab was secured the gentleman handing the ladvia. asked in an insinuating tone of voice, "Where shall we drive to?" The lady gave an address, and while the male party communicated the same to the driver she stepped inside, closed the door, and, telling the coachman to drive on, presented the insinuating stranger with a two-sou piece. The horrified look on the young man's face as he gazed steadily at the coin was a study for an artist.

Pouting.

Homes Without Windows.

There are in France 279,270 apartments, providing accommodation for over 300,000 persons, which rooms are entirely destitute of any other means of admitting air and light than by the door. In Paris alone the number of families thus lodged reaches a total of 27,385. There are in London over sixty thousand families who live in cellars under the most unfavorable conditions as regards salubrity. In Berlin there are 39,000 families who occupy only portions of rooms, often with a sort of shelf on which father, mother and children sleep, one over the other.

Sympathy Not Needed.

Invalid—"Doctor, the consulting physicians actually laughed when told that you said my case was incurable."

Family Doctor—"Laughed, eh?"

"Yes, laughed."

"Well, never mind; don't worry."

"Thank you, doctor."

"No. Don't worry on my account, my dear sir. Remember he laughs best who laughs last."—*Omaha World.*

Anxious About the Menagerie.

"Now, Bobby," said his mother, "you are tired and sleepy. So say your prayers and jump into bed."

"Ma," remarked Bobby, as he assumed the devotional attitude, "If it wasn't for one thing I don't b'lieve I'd say my prayers to-night."

"What is it, Bobby?"

"I wouldn't like to go to bed without asking God to take care of my rabbits."—*Texas Siftings.*

An Oriental Tale.

There once was a Turkish Pacha,
Who winked—what on earth could he racha?—
At the Bulbul best wife
And for that lost his life.
The moral is: Don't be a racha!—*Life.*

Ignorance Is Bliss.

"Why is it," asked Miss Park Palings, "that when you gentlemen make after-dinner speeches the toast of The Ladies is always replied to by the youngest present?"

"Because he's least likely to have any experience that would lead him to know their vices," replied the major grimly.

What Snaggs Thought It Was.

"What decoration scandal is this that the son-in-law of the French President is involved in?" asked Mrs. Snaggs.

"Decoration!" replied Snaggs. "O, I suppose he has been painting the town red."—*Pittsburg Chronicle.*

T. EATON & CO.

190 YONGE STREET,

ALWAYS AT THIS SEASON THERE IS A LULL BETWEEN FALL ACTIVITY AND HOLIDAY ACTIVITY. WIDE AWAKE BUYERS NEVER LOSE AN OPPORTUNITY LIKE THIS AND DURING THE LULL WE ARE SHOWING IN

MILLINERY—A LOT OF FINE FUR FELT HATS. DO YOU KNOW THE DIFFERENCE BETWEEN FUR FELT AND WOOL FELT? IT IS WORTH YOU WHILE TO KNOW, THE WOOL LOSES ITS SHAPE AND GETS SHABBY QUICKLY, THE FUR FELT KEEPS ITS SHAPE AND DOESN'T GET SHABBY. WE ARE SELLING FUR FELT FOR THE PRICES OF WOOL FELT.

WINGS—WHITE WINGS, BLUE WINGS, RED WINGS, WINGS OF EVERY HUE AND CONTRAST COLORS; SEA GULLS FEATHERS, NATURAL FEATHERS FROM RARE BIRDS AND MANUFACTURED FEATHERS. IF A WING IS WANTED TO TRIM A CHILD'S HAT OR A LADY'S BONNET, YOU CAN GET THEM AT PRICES THAT WILL ASTONISH YOU AND THEY ARE ALL FRESH, BRIGHT, NEW GOODS.

BOYS' AND YOUTHS' BEST READY-MADE CLOTHING, WHEN WE SAY BEST WE MEAN BEST CLOTH AND WORK, IT IS NOT NECESSARILY EITHER FINE OR EXTRAVAGANT, MANY PEOPLE DON'T BUY IT BECAUSE THEY FEAR IT COSTS TOO MUCH. IT DOESN'T, WE SELL NO OTHER KIND THAN THE BEST CLOTHING, WE TELL THE QUALITY, WE ASK LESS FOR IT, REASONABLE PRICES ARE TO BE DEPENDED ON WITH US.

BOOTS AND SHOES WITH US ARE KEPT IN OUR STORE THAT FACES QUEEN STREET, THEY WILL SUIT LADIES WHO WISH SOMETHING VERY DURABLE AND AT THE SAME TIME WANT A NEAT, DRESSY SHOE, THE STOCK IN THEM IS GENUINE AND THEY ARE MADE ON HANDSOME FITTING LASTS. SCHOOL SHOES FOR BOYS, YOU KNOW WHAT SCHOOL SHOES MEAN, SHOES THAT WILL STAND KICKING, JUMPING AND SLIDING WITH, WITHOUT HAVING TO BE SENT TO THE COBBLERS IN A FEW WEEKS, AND THE PRICES AT WHICH OUR BOOTS, SHOES AND SLIPPERS ARE OFFERED MAKE THEM THE GREATEST BARGAINS IN THE CITY.

DRESS PATTERNS FOR HOLIDAY PRESENTS, RECOGNIZING THE SPECIAL INQUIRY WHICH IS ALWAYS MADE AT THIS SEASON OF THE YEAR FOR DRESS LENGTHS SUITABLE FOR CHRISTMAS AND NEW YEAR GIFTS, WE HAVE DECIDED TO MEET THIS WANT IN A MANNER WHICH MUST BE HIGHLY GRATIFYING TO BUYERS BY OFFERING DRESS PATTERNS IN BLACK AND COLORS AT PRICES WHICH CANNOT FAIL TO SUIT THE MOST ECONOMICAL PURCHASER. THIS IS ONE OF OUR MOST ATTRACTIVE INDUCEMENTS TO CHRISTMAS BUYERS. CLOAKS, WALKING JACKETS, CHECKS, STRIPES, PLAIN BEAVERS KERSEYS ALL COLORS, TAILOR MADE GOODS. NEWMARKETS AND RAGLANS, PLUSH CLOAKS, PLUSH WRAPS, EVERYBODY CAN AFFORD TO POSSESS THEMSELVES OF THESE BEAUTIFUL GOODS AND HUNDREDS OF OTHER STYLES—EACH AND EVERY ONE A BIG BARGAIN.

FANCY GOODS—PLUSH TOILET AND DRESSING CASES, GENTLEMENS' SHAVING SETS, COLLAR AND CUFF BOXES, MANICURE SETS, WORK BOXES, GLOVE AND HANDKERCHIEF BOXES AND WHISK BROOM HOLDERS, YOU WILL FIND ALL OF THESE GOODS ON THE GROUND FLOOR AND BASEMENT, EASY TO GET AT, LOOK THEM OVER AND PRICE THEM BEFORE YOU LEAVE THE STORE.

LACE CURTAINS—IT IS UNIVERSALLY CONCEDED THAT OUR LACE CURTAINS ARE THE CHOICEST STYLES AND LOWEST PRICES EVER KNOWN IN THS CITY, AND NOW AT THE PRICES WE ARE SELLING THEM, THE BARGAINS ARE SIMPLY STARTLING.

CORNICE POLES, HANGINGS, WINDOW TRIMMINGS AND DRAPERIES, THAT ARE BEAUTIFUL AND USEFUL, ALL OF WHICH ARE RECENT IMPORTATIONS AND ARE SOLD AT PRICES THAT ARE THE TALK OF TORONTO. WE ARE THE MOST EXTENSIVE RETAIL DEALERS IN THE CITY.

CHRISTMAS GOODS.—GREAT GATHERING OF SANTA CLAUS GOODS. DOLLS, DOLL HEADS, DOLL BODIES CHAIRS, MECHANICAL TOYS, DRUMS, ALPHABETICAL BLOCKS, JUMPING JACKS, BALLS, BEARS, DOGS AND ANIMALS WITH NATURAL HAIR, BOOKS, JAPANESE GOODS, DOLL BABY CARRIAGES, TRUNKS, BUREAUS, BEDSTEADS, TOOL BOXES, MONEY SAFES, SWINGS, &C.

THIS DEPARTMENT IS A BEWILDERMENT OF CHOICE TOYS AND USEFUL PRESENTS FOR THE LITTLE ONES WHOSE FAITH IN SANTA CLAUS CAN NOT BE SHAKEN, TO THE MORE KNOWING YOUTH OR MISS.

ON THE GROUND FLOOR IN THE BASEMENT WE HAVE SO MUCH WE CAN'T TALK ABOUT IT ALL. JUST COME AND SEE FOR YOURSELF. WE ARE ALWAYS GLAD TO SEE YOU. THE STORE IS CROWDED WITH GOODS AND CUSTOMERS ALL THE TIME, AND BARGAINS MAY NOT LAST. DON'T WAIT TOO LONG BEFORE COMING. GET YOUR PRESENTS NOW.

JUST ONE WORD MORE. LADIES COME IN THE MORNING IF YOU CAN.

N. B.—MAIL OR OUT OF TOWN ORDERS GET OUR EARLIEST ATTENTION.

T. EATON & CO.

190 to 196 Yonge St. 10 to 12½ Queen St. W.

Orphans' Home Concert.

A large and brilliant audience filled the Pavilion on Thursday night on the occasion of the Orphans' Home promenade concert. The ladies of the Home had erected a pretty marquee in the center of the hall, where flowers were sold by Mrs. John Cawthra, Mrs. G. M. Sprague, Mrs. Creelman, Mrs. H. K. Merritt, Miss Marjorie Campbell, Mrs. Harcourt Vernon, Mrs. Banks, Miss Heward, Miss Maud Cawthra, Miss Mable Cawthra, Miss Merritt and Miss Kate Merritt. A handsome *loge* at the south side was presided over by Mrs. W. Thomson, Mrs. Douglas, Miss Maggie Thomson, Miss Bessie Macdonald, Miss Horrocks, Miss Carrie Lash, Miss Miller and Miss Livingstone. They dispensed ice-cream and lemonade. On the other was the cafe, where tea, coffee and cakes were sold by Mrs. Higinbotham, Miss Street, Miss Ruthven, and a host of other ladies. The Citizens' Band discoursed excellent music under Mr. Bayley's direction, and was loudly applauded. Miss Robinson sang most beautifully, her performance being marked by pathos and feeling. Her song was Last Night, and as an encore, Florian's Song. She also sang a two duets with Mr. Gamble Geddes, Io Vivo e Tamo, and Friendship. Mr. Geddes was in fine voice and sang most acceptably the Quando a te Lieta, from Faust. The 'Varsity Glee Club, under Mr. E. W. Schuch, turned out some sixty strong and sang The Image of the Rose, solo by Mr. M. S. Mercer, and The Boots. The latter, a favorite college song, brought down the house and elicited a double encore, which was responded to by The Meerschaum Pipe and Stars of the Summer Night.

Railroad Chatter.

The following are some of the traveling passenger or freight agents of American lines who have their headquarters and reside in Toronto. They can generally be found at home at the end of each week, the rest of their time being spent in traversing the country from Detroit on the west to the seaboard on the east: Joseph Simpson, C., B. & Q. Ry.; A. J. Taylor, C. M. & St. P. Ry.; J. H. Morley, C. & N. W. Ry.; D. L. Caven, C. R. I. & P. Ry.; J. M. Huckins, St. P., M. & M. Ry.; F. E. Harrison, C. B. & Q. Ry.; A. B. Macklin, C. & O. Ry.; J. N. Bastedo, A. T. & S. Fe; John Laven, M. C. R.; S. J. Sharp, Erie Ry.; W. A. Wilson, West Shore, Canadian freight agent; J. W. Hickson, West Shore, traveling freight agent; John Strachan, Erie freight; Chas. E. Holmes, Merchants' Despatch freight agent; D. Cooper, L. V. freight agent; R. B. Moody, Intercolonial freight and passenger.

Ira P. Griswold, Canadian agent of the Union Pacific, Detroit, and E. B. Coolidge, general agent Wheeling & Lake Erie railway, Detroit, were registered at the Queen's this week.

Mr. Wm. Edgar, general passenger agent G. T. R., was in the city Wednesday of this week.

Travel continues heavy, especially westward.

There has been the largest California travel this fall known for some time. It still continues, to the joy of all ticket agents.

Toronto ticket agents have been notified by their respective companies to ticket students and teachers going home for the Christmas vacation, at a fare and one-third for the round trip, going Dec. 15th to 31st and return up to Jan, 20th.

The many friends of the popular city passenger agent of the G. T. R., Mr. P. J. Slatter, will be pleased to hear that he reached Liverpool safely, and is now enjoying a well earned holiday with his relatives and friends in different parts of England. His father accompanied him on his trip. In a letter Mr. Slatter writes: "We had a very pleasant voyage across the Atlantic. I was one of the few that were not at all sick."

Thomas Ford, traveling passenger agent of the G. T. R., was absent the greater part of this week in the west, looking after business in the interest of the company which he so ably represents.

Chat From The 'Varsity.

On Friday evening of last week about 300 medical and art students of Toronto University and their invited guests met at the Rossin House to hold the first annual dinner, embracing the faculties of arts and medicine. A large number of complimentary invitations had been accepted, and responses to the toasts were made by many of the distinguished guests. Dr. Daniel Wilson occupied the chair, while Mr. T. B. P. Stewart filled the position of first vice-president. The quality of the menu provided was not behind that which usually characterizes the Rossin House dining-room, and the decorum observed throughout was certainly most exemplary, and in marked contrast to that of the annual banquet held in the same place by the Trinity medicals two weeks previous. It seems as though the prediction made by the "Medi ai Practitioner" recently, that the infusion of the medical blood will humanize the arts department, is coming true, at least the fears to the contrary were not realized on Tuesday night. The most enjoyable feature of the second part of the programme was the singing of the good old college songs, which were carefully chosen to suit the students of both departments, and other ditties furnished by soloists. The toasts were drunk in water, with an enthusiasm hardly to be expected on so mild a beverage.

*

Mr. F. J. Stein signs a communication to *The 'Varsity* on the subject of hazing. The spirit breathing through his article is suggestive of the nineteenth century knight, *sans peur et sans reproche*, and with a thorough revolt against oppression and a love for British fair play. So far so good, and may it grow in us all. But I think Mr. Stein's imagination has got the upper hand of his judgment. I venture to say that the majority of those fellow-students whom Mr. Stein so bitterly attacks are not really so brutal, blasphemous, cowardly and almost villianous, as he charges them with being. I can readily understand a stranger writing such a letter—one who had no sympathy with the vivacity, good-fellowship and zaety, which is such a common student trait and so natural to youth. And, indeed, Mr. Stein's letter is like a thunder-clap from a region above us, or, at least, from a world outside of ours. I know that there was no brutality practised on the occasion he referred to, and I know, too, that all of those whom he represents as having been treated like dogs will testify to the good feeling that prevails between themselves and their so-called persecutors. It is their distant, self-conceited idea of superiority, especially, that a true initiation does more than anything else to remove. The student who in his intellectual height stands so far removed with a cynical look upon his face, is taught by a few minutes' good-natured handling that after all we all live together, eat bread, wear clothes, and indeed are not ethereal creatures. He is made to feel himself one of a company of fellow-travellers, who have the same goal in view, and who must expect to meet with rough weather as well as fair on the road. It may be that when the storm rudely buffets one, he who has really become one of the company, has shared their joy and merry-making, will lend the struggling one a helping hand, will put his arm in his and help him up the path. Where will then be our intellectual friend, who must always be thinking about himself as an example of purity and intellectuality to those around him? He will point us to himself still if the trials and troubles, the ups and downs of life, have not taught him better. Human nature is a difficult thing to reform, let alone fight against. Let us be gentlemen ever, but let us not forget that the strongest bonds of sympathy are not always formed in the drawing-room. TOGA.

Masonic.

At the meeting of King Solomon's Chapter R. A. M., on Wednesday evening last, the following officers, were elected for the ensuing year:

Ex. Comp. R. L. Patterson, Z.
" John Knitton, I. P. Z.
" John Akers, H.
John Fletcher, J.
M. E. Comp. T. Sargeant, Treasurer.
Comp. E. H. Britton, S. E.
" J. W. A. Butler, S. N.
" C. E. McDonald, T. S.
" John Pritchard, Guard.
R. E. Comps. Alex. Patterson and W. S. Lee, Auditors.

Out of Town.

LONDON.

Last week in alluding to a certain class of people here who were predicting a very gloomy social season for us this winter, I playfully spoke of them as croakers, but the imaginative compositor who wrestled with my copy made it brokers. No doubt, at present while the stock market is so dull, most brokers are croakers, but the converse does not necessarily follow.

There has been nothing of any note at the opera house lately. A company of barn-stormers, headed by that hoary-headed old comedian, Harry Lindley, gave a week of the "omnydreadful" style of drama. Then followed Humpty Dumpty, which of course drew a large juvenile audience at the gallery order. Then Kate Castleton appeared in her ridiculous absurdity, Crazy Patch. Kate sang a little and skipped and kicked, and "flirted her petticoats," after the fashion of the Kingston girls—as per Bishop Cleary's observations. While singing a verse alluding to dudes in her topical song, Excuse Me, I'll Tell You No More, Kate very persistently gazed with her mischievous eyes in the direction of two young lawyers and several bank clerks, who sat on the left hand side of the house. Why she picked out these quiet and modest looking men it is hard to say.

When the itinerant bank clerk reaches London in his wanderings, and has succeeded in getting his carload of goods and chattels safely transferred to the city, he naturally seeks a boarding-house. When he inquires for such a place he is usually politely told to "go to Hades." After he has recovered somewhat from the shock his excessively sensitive nature has received from this profane remark, he is able to listen to the explanation that "Hades," or, as it is sometimes called, the "Red House," is an excellent boarding-house and a regular refuge for homeless bank clerks. The building has passed through several evolutions. It was originally a church, then an opera house (Holman's), and is now divided into three large dwelling-houses, one of which is the boarding-house referred to.

I notice a good many new faces at the parties this season—mostly of bank men recently moved to London. Among them are Mr. Wadsworth, Bank of Toronto, Mr. Walker, Commerce, Mr. Stevenson, Montreal, Mr. Taylor, British, and Mr. Smylie, Molson's. Jerry Taylor is an old London boy but he has been so long among the Bluenoses at Halifax that he is a stranger to many now.

A very pleasant evening was spent by those who attended the "B. & B." party given at the residence of Mr. Bayley, Albert street, last Friday evening. This was the second of the series. The name has been changed and they are now called "Cinderella" parties. I do not know why, I am sure, but expect it is to convey a gentle hint that the guests are to depart when the clock strikes twelve. They don't all the same.

The Canada Life Assurance Company is now very ably represented here by Mr. H. E. Gates, a very popular gentleman from Hamilton. Although an active business man with an eye always open for a risk, Mr. Gates finds time to devote to social duties as well, and is always to be seen at the parties, receptions, etc.

The complimentary concert given to Miss Barnard at Victoria Hall last Wednesday evening was a great success artistically and financially. The following well known artists assisted: Mrs. Marie Tilden, of Detroit, Mrs. Gould, Miss Coppinger and Dr. Sippl.

"JIM THE PENMAN."

CHATHAM.

Miss Ireland, who was one of the guests at Mr. Travers' wedding in London, is still visiting her friends there.

Arrangements are being made for a concert and dramatic entertainment in aid of the Home for the Friendless at an early date, but as yet undecided. The bright farce, My Turn Next, which is being rehearsed under the supervision of Mr. T. E. Marsland of the Federal Bank, will be one of its leading features.

The Chatham Football Club have divided their honors evenly this season, having lost one game and won another while the third was a draw. The club has some plucky players, and the members hope to be among the eight final clubs to play for the association cup next spring. McKendricks and Derks, as forwards, and Arnold, as half-back, have done good work.

Mr. Butler, accountant of the Merchants' Bank, has exchanged places with Mr. Carruthers of Galt. Mr. Butler's wife and family will follow him to Galt shortly.

The Chatham Dramatic Club met the other evening and appointed a committee to arrange for the annual performance. Neither play nor time have been settled.

The bachelors are talking of giving a ball before the end of the year.

Miss Mercer is the guest of Sheriff Mercer.

Miss Christie, of Bowmanville, is visiting Mr. Robert Morton here.

Two or three successful church concerts have taken place lately. Messrs. Marentelle and Mofatt have figured in most of them.

The Home for the Friendless concert seems to add more to its programme every day. We are promised Mrs. Geo. Christie, of Windsor, who has a pleasing alto. The quartette by Messrs. Tackerbury and Slater and the Misses Tackerbury and Morrish is another excellent addition.

NEMO.

HAMILTON.

On Wednesday afternoon Mrs. Frank MacKelcan held a reception at her residence, Lawnhurst. It was a successful affair, and well attended. Among those present were Miss Hendrie, Miss Fuller, Miss Leggatt, Miss Wood, Miss Dunlop, Mrs. Alex. Allan, Mrs. McAdams, Miss Dewrie, Miss Hendrie of Detroit, Mr. Gates, Mr. Fraser, Mr. Lonegan of Montreal, Mr. Donald Macmaster, Q.C. of Montreal, Mr. R. H. Maclennan of Alexandria and Mr. John D. Maclennan of Toronto.

THE MARKET BULLETIN.

Barley keeps about the same,
No change in price of wheat,
The price of Furniture is down
At WALKER'S, on QUEEN STREET.

Hogs show a slight improvement,
While hay is rather quiet;
The low price of clothes at WALKER'S
Is causing quite a riot.

Butter is still upon the rise,
Eggs are scarce and small,
And WALKER on his Household Goods
Still makes the prices fall.

The trade in STOVES is on the boom,
CARPETS, BLANKETS, RUGS, the same;
At the Pioneer Payment Store,
WALKER is the name.

And so the market fluctuates—
Prices sometimes up, then down;
But WALKER keeps the same all through—
The cheapest man in town.

No matter how the markets go up, WALKER, the Universal Benefactor, keeps his prices away down, and can sell you anything you require—from a drawing-room Suite to a Door Mat.

CARPETS, OIL-CLOTH, LAMPS, CROCKERY-WARE, STOVES, NOBBY SUITS, THICK OVERCOATS, JACKETS, MANTLES—all at spot cash prices, and will only ask you for a small payment down, the balance by WEEKLY OR MONTHLY INSTALMENTS, to suit yourselves.

WALKER'S
WEEKLY PAYMENT STORES
107½ and 109 Queen St. West.

BUREAU OF
DANCING
OFFICE 27 SEATON ST.

Anyone engaging a teacher at this Bureau is assured of first-class work and instruction in the practical standard style of dancing. Tyros in the profession have degraded the Terpsichorean art by the introduction of *outre* styles and worthless innovations that seldom survive a season, an imposition on the public which should be abolished. The position of teacher of dancing and deportment is of growing importance, and, like a physician, each teacher should be obliged to secure his diploma before practising in his profession. The public would then be protected and benefitted, and dancing allowed to regain its proper station among the arts.

We teach the Practical Standard Style, and with us there is no such word as fail. The "Yorke" is a fascinating Round dance, arranged by Prof. Yorke Brown and adopted by the National Association of Teachers. For the accommodation of pupils we have now five academies in different parts of the city. We are prepared at any time to attend private classes or give private lessons.

For terms, references, etc., address office, 27 Seaton St.

J. W. Cheeseworth,
TAILOR AND DRAPER,
106 KING STREET WEST,
TORONTO.

TRANKLÉ ARMAND
(FROM PARIS, FRANCE.)
Ladies' Fashionable Hair Dresser and Perfumer
407—YONGE STREET—407.

Hair Dressing in the latest styles for Balls, Soirees, Wedding Parties, Theaters, etc. Powdered and Historical Hair Dressing in perfect styles. Ladies' Hair Cutting, Trimming, Singeing, Shampoing, etc. Special appointments made.

MANUFACTURER AND DEALER IN
REAL PARISIAN HAIR GOODS

Entirely new styles in Bangs, Waves, Cache-Folies, Bandeaux, Wigs, Torsades, Switches, etc. No copies or imitations of others. Fine assortment of Hair Ornaments, French Perfumery, Brushes, Combs, etc., etc.

407—YONGE STREET—407,
A Few Doors South of Y. M. C. A. Hall.

B. SPAIN
TEMPLE OF FASHION
455 QUEEN ST. WEST
has the largest stock of
WINTER OVERCOATING
and SUITING
in the Dominion. Call and see him before ordering your winter garments.
455 QUEEN STREET W.

F. H. TORRINGTON'S ORCHESTRA
SECOND SEASON, 1887-8.

FIRST CONCERT,
PAVILION MUSIC HALL,
THURSDAY, DEC. 15, 1887

SIXTY PERFORMERS,
ASSISTED BY
Miss Fowler, soprano,
Miss Kate Ryan, mezzo-soprano,
Miss Ryan, contralto,
Mr. A. R. Curren, basso.
Mr. August Anderson, solo violin,
Mr. Frank Wagner, solo violin,
Mr. J. Churchill Arlidge, solo flute,
Mr. J. W. Trendell, solo clarionet,
Mr. Herbert Clarke, solo cornet,
Mr. E. Spacey, solo horn.

Admission, 25c.; Reserved Seats, 50c. Plan opens to public on Monday, December 12, at Messrs. Nordheimer's.

Grand Opera House
O. B. SHEPPARD, MANAGER.
MONDAY, TUESDAY and WEDNESDAY,
DEC. 12, 13, 14,
WEDNESDAY MATINEE.
ANOTHER GREAT TRIUMPH
Fourth Successful Season of the Celebrated Artists
HARDIE and VONLEER
In their Great Romantic Melodrama in Five Acts, by Annie Lewis, (Mrs F. W. Johnson), entitled
ON THE FRONTIER
Pronounced by Press and Public to be the Strongest of all western Dramas, supported by a Company of Recognized Metropolitan Favorites, Produced on a Magnificent Scale with
New and Original Music,
Special Scenery, Wardrobe, etc.
Prices as Usual. Box Plan Now Open.

Grand Opera House
O. B. SHEPPARD, MANAGER.
THURSDAY, FRIDAY & SATURDAY
December 15, 16, 17. Matinee Saturday.
WILSON & RANKIN'S
MINSTRELS
THE WORLD'S CHAMPIONS.
A Great Company! Superbly Mounted! Led by the emperor of the minstrel age,
GEORGE WILSON.
Unrivalled Brass Band. 30 Musicians. The Greatest Show on Earth.
Prices as Usual.

PROOFREADER WANTED.
A thoroughly competent and experienced man, who is partially employed elsewhere. Apply to the Editor, SATURDAY NIGHT.

India Rubber Goods
OF EVERY DESCRIPTION.
Rubber Boots, Shoes and Clothing.
Rubber Gossamer Circulars (from the cheapest to the best).
Druggists' Rubber Sundries.
Everything known to the world in Rubber kept in stock.
SEND FOR CATALOGUE.
THE TORONTO RUBBER CO.
OF CANADA.
T. McILROY, JR., & CO.
WAREHOUSES:
Toronto—28 King Street West.
London Branch—402 Richmond Street.

JACOBS & SHAW'S
Toronto Opera House
WEEK OF DEC. 12
MATINEES
TUESDAY,
WEDNESDAY,
and SATURDAY
KIMBALL MUSICAL COMEDY CO.
Under the Management of H. R. JACOBS,
IN
MAM'ZELLE
ARRANGED AND ADAPTED BY
MRS. JENNIE KIMBALL
Next Attraction - On the Rio Grande

C. P. LENNOX
DENTIST
Rooms A and B Yonge Street Arcade
All modern improvements in filling and inserting teeth.
Roots of teeth preserved and crowned with artificial ones. This operation does away with plates in the mouth.
We are making teeth on Rubber, Celluloid, Gold and Platinum bases. Durable, life-like, and at the lowest remunerative prices.
We fill teeth with all materials used for the purpose, and guarantee them permanent.
Any operation known to modern dentistry skilfully performed.

CHRISTMAS GOODS.
JEWELRY, Endless Variety in Gold, Silver and Fine Art Lines. WATCHES, DIAMONDS, ELECTROPLATE. China Dinner and Tea Sets, Bric-a-brac and Fancy Goods of Every Description. A New Feature is Our Cheap Bargain Counter, from 25c. to $2.
The Largest Stock of Christmas Presents in the Dominion
To choose from. Goods can be selected at once and will be held. INSPECTION INVITED.
Goods Marked in Plain Figures, and All Marked Down. Stock now Complete.
C. & J. ALLEN, - 29 KING STREET WEST
Our Factory is in Full Working Order for Ordered Work and Repairing.

Notes About Horses.

The ground is still bare and the roads rough. The horse owners of the Queen City of the West are keeping very quiet. There is very little talk of fast work or argument as regards speed, but no doubt when the snow begins to fly, and they can have a chance to see how their various four-footed friends have stood the chill and dirty weather of the past few weeks, that in many a snug corner and club various arguments will arise that will give the public a chance to judge of the merits of the respective animals, but just at present you would hardly know that there is a good horse, either of the short or long-tailed kind, in the city.

•

In the future, as in the past, horse owners from the great Republic, when they come to try conclusions, will probably find that the speed and endurance of the hardy-bred Canucks have not deserted them. The Canadian contingent have heretofore a little more than held their own with foreigners, and I do not look for any material change in the future. As many of the most wealthy and reliable Canadians are willing to devote their energy and money in developing this kind of sport, and in such hands, success is certain.

•

In last week's issue, in mentioning the celebrated pair of roadsters, Photographer and Little Hero, Mr. Wm. Dixon was credited as the owner. This was an error. They are owned by Mr. S. J. Dixon, of this city, and are as fine a pair as any gentleman in Canada ever drew reins over, as their double victory at the Industrial Exhibition will testify.

•

The Dwyer Bros. in the last four years have started horses 828 times, winning 230 times, running second 140 times and third 111 times. Their yearly winnings have been in that time: 1884, $63,309; 1885, $86,897; 1886, $298,549; 1887, $159,242; total, $517,998. It pays to keep a good stable of race horses.

•

According to the Chicago *Inter Ocean*, old Lelex was once very near becoming the property of a Chicago bookmaker, John Dowling. In the early spring of his three-year-old form Mr. Dowling offered Major Thomas, his then owner, $7,500 for him, which offer was refused. After he had broken down he was again offered to John as a saddle horse for his daughter to ride; but as John's daughter was a little girl at the time, he suggested that it be given to John Forbes, the Canadian horseman, which was done. John Dowling to this day regrets that Major Thomas did not accept his offer of $7,500 for the horse, and that he did not accept him as a gift when he was offered the chance to get him. And well he might. Although Lelex will be ten years old next spring, he proved himself almost a sensational race horse the past season, beating easily such good ones as Volante, Swift, Favor and many other cracks. The well-known Canadian trainer, Charlie Boyd, says that if every horse in the United States had been started in a race of 1 3-16 miles that Lelex would have passed the wire first, and yet he was considered hopelessly broken down, and actually given away; but Canadian air and Canadian care brought him to the front again. Canadians are not so very far behind their American cousins after all.

•

A telegram from Lexington, says: "The sensation in horse circles here is the announcement of the wonderful performance of Meta, a young chestnut filly by Onondaga out of Una, by War Dance, she working over the association track here in 51 seconds, with 100 pounds up. This is the best time on record, for the distance ever made in Kentucky by a yearling. Meta is now owned by William McGuigan, Jr. This is certainly a wonderful performance for a yearling with 100 lbs. up. But in the opinion of a great many of the very best horsemen, it is a very dangerous feat as well.

•

Since the breeders and owners of thoroughbred horses have taken to running them so very young, very few indeed of the cracks have stood the strain for any length of time—in proof of which may be mentioned, Tremont, Hindoo, Drake Carter, Sensation, Luke Blackburn, Hanover and many others. The fact is the breeders or owners are so desirous of realizing, and the rich two year old stakes furnish such a temptation that they sacrifice the future for the present, and condense the whole life of the colt into one or two seasons at the most.

J. & J. WOOLINGS,

Family Butchers and Purveyors,

COR. McCAUL and CAER HOWELL STS.

Orders called for and delivered daily to all parts of the city.

HA! HA! HA!

Great Humbug Sale

FOR SIXTY DAYS.

DISSOLUTION of PARTNERSHIP

Or, to explain ourselves more fully, our office boy will sever his connection with us on February the 1st. He goes by mutual consent and the flight of time, and from now until that date we will hold

A Great Humbug Sale

All goods will be slaughtered, as we will require on February 1st the sum of

ONE MILLION DOLLARS

to pay him his salary in full up to that date. In order to raise this amount we will sell. You say:

BOSH, HUMBUG, NONSENSE!

And so it is. Thank Goodness, we don't have to resort to any such desperate announcements to catch the unwary. THE ARMY AND NAVY STORES are giving the biggest filled up and running over bargains of any house in the Dominion. We could easily give you 10 per cent. off, yes, 25 per cent. off, did we charge the exhorbitant prices that our competitors do. But we don't believe in that. We give you fresh, new goods at 40 per cent. less than you can buy the same qualities and makes for elsewhere. We are now giving the Greatest Bargains on Earth in

Men's and Boys' Clothing,

Furs and Gents' Furnishings

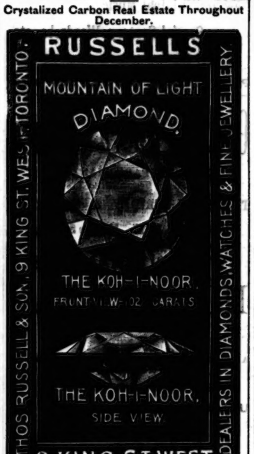
THE ARMY & NAVY

Clothing Stores,

133 to 137 King St. E. Opp. St. James' Cathedral. | 221 Yonge Street, Cor. Shuter Street.

GREAT DIAMOND SALE LOTS.

Crystalized Carbon Real Estate Throughout December.



Large Wholesale Stock to be Disposed of.

CARPETS

JOHN KAY being desirous of clearing out the balance of the large cash purchase of best five frame Brussels Carpets, being sold at $1.00 cash, has as a further inducement to purchasers reduced a lot of other numbers to the same price, so that they will have a good assortment to select from.

The opportunity of buying the best goods so far below cost will not likely recur again.

JOHN KAY

34 King Street West, Toronto.

IMPORTANT AND ATTRACTIVE SALE

OF

TURKISH RUGS

Carpets and Embroideries.

The subscribers beg to announce a consignment of Eastern Goods, direct from the house of

MESSRS. COURYAN & CIE.,

OF

TABREEZ, PERSIA,

to be sold by Public Auction, without reserve, at

McEachren Hall, No. 191 Yonge Street

(OPPOSITE T. EATON & CO.'S)

Tuesday, Wednesday & Thursday Afternoons

December 13th, 14th, 15th.

This collection was selected by the Agents of Couryan & Cie. throughout the East especially for sale in this city, and comprise

RUGS, CARPETS & PALACE STRIPS

ANTIQUE AND MODERN.

EMBROIDERIES from Turkey-in-Asia, Bulgaria and Persia, such as Mantel Draperies, D'Oylies, Tidies, Table Covers, Portieres, Curtains, Tray Cloths, Antimacassars, etc. Also, Inlaid Mother of Pearl Tables and Trays, Damascus Brassware, etc., the whole forming a grand assortment of beautiful goods suitable for Christmas presents, as well as for home decorations and Comforts.

The Exhibition will Open Saturday Morning

And remain open until hour of sale.

The Public are Cordially Invited to View the Goods.

SALE AT TWO O'CLOCK EACH DAY

C. M. HENDERSON & CO.

AUCTIONEERS.

HARRY WEBB'S

SALUTATORY.

There is an old proverb which says: "Well begun is half done," but the Saturday Night is not half done. Oh, no—by no means! although it is well begun. "A new broom sweeps clean," but the discerning public of Canada do not require to have the cobwebs swept out of their eyes in order to see in Saturday Night the Dainties that Harry Webb has prepared for those whose tastes lead them to indulge in the good things of this life. We shall endeavor to show you things new and old; the old made new under his novel methods of catering, and the new novel indeed. For, he indeed, is

KING OF THE CATERERS.

Listen to him now, as he tells of those things peculiar to his establishment:

OUR FANCY LIGHT-MIXED CAKES are the acknowledged Novelties of the land.

OUR FANCY ICES, in all shapes and flavors, are new.

OUR JELLIES and CREAMS, both in shape and flavor, are new.

Our German, French, American and English Bonbons are new.

OUR ENTREES for Dinners are new and old, but you wouldn't know them in our new and elegant dishes.

NEW GLASS AND SILVER EPERGNES.

Our Waiters are courteous.

NEW FRUIT GLACES, just arrived.

We supply everything for Dinners, Suppers, At Homes and Evening Parties.

We sell First Quality Mince-meat made by us on the premises of the very finest ingredients money can buy. We sell Plum Pudding ready for the pot. We sell all kinds of Entrees ready for the range.

WHAT MORE CAN WE SAY, but come and see for yourselves at 447 Yonge street, or send for estimates for anything you want.

Why do we advertise? Only to point out our novelties, for really everybody knows us, our goods are ever before a discerning public.

We believe in the survival of the fittest, and we have survived. Our goods recommend themselves in whatever line you want.

We will send you a letter every week in Saturday Night, which you should read carefully and profit thereby. It will tell you where to buy goods—where the goods are of the best value. They will be from a concern that cannot afford to keep old goods in stock, but where everything is fresh and sweet, where the daily turnover is so great that goods can't get stale.

HARRY WEBB

The King of the Caterers,

447 YONGE STREET. 447

Look out for my letter next week describing the newest things for Parties, Dinners, etc.

HARRY WEBB.

MICHIE & CO.

LATE

FULTON, MICHIE & CO.

TORONTO,

5 1-2 and 7 KING STREET WEST

DECEMBER, 1, 1887.

On and after this date our prices on all groceries will be reduced to the very lowest on the market. Our aim is to extend our already large connection, and the public can now buy from us the very finest goods for the same price usually paid for inferior makes.

MICHIE & CO.

A visit to our fine attractive stores will both please and pay intending purchasers. For those desiring a complete list of our goods we have just issued a new

CATALOGUE OF GROCERIES

AND

PRICE LIST OF WINES

and will send them by post to any one applying, either by post or through

TELEPHONE 409.

Among the most seasonable articles just imported we have our usual fine assortment from

Crosse & Blackwell.....*London, Eng.*
Gordon & Dilworth.....*New York*

BISCUITS, from—
Peek, Fean & Co.....*London, Eng.*
Huntley & Palmer..... " "
Van Dever & Holmes.....*New York*
Kennedy & Co..... .....*Boston*

CHOCOLATES & CREAMS, from—
Cadbury Bros.....*London, Eng.*
Fry & Sons..... " "
Menier.....*France*

BON-BONS & XMAS CRACKERS, from—
Tom Smith & Co..... .*London, Eng.*

COLORED CANDLES—
.....*New York*

MICHIE & CO

Late Fulton, Michie & Co.

TORONTO.

THE

HARDMAN PIANO.

WITH JUST PRIDE

WE CLAIM that it is the only Piano in the world which has an iron key-frame support.
WE CLAIM that it is the only Piano in the world with a patent harp-stop attachment.
WE CLAIM that it is the only first-class Piano sold at an honest price.
WE CLAIM that for Purity of Tone and phenomenal durability it cannot be excelled.
WE CLAIM that it is the only Piano which improves after two or three years' usage and retains its full power and tone.

33,000 NOW IN USE.

New Warerooms, 138 Fifth Ave., New York.

Hardman, Peck & Co., Manufacturers.

A Few Second-hand Pianos at a bargain

C. H. BIGGER,

87 YONGE ST., TORONTO.

THE

BON MARCHE

TELEGRAM.

Montreal, Nov. 29, '87.

BON MARCHE, Toronto.

Please make public on receipt that I have just purchased at the rate of 55c. on the dollar the magnificent stock of Fancy Goods offered for sale here to-day. This will put us in a position to defy all competition for the Christmas trade.

F. X. COUSINEAU.

Further announcements regarding this great stock will appear at once.

Our great sale of SILKS, SATINS, DRESS GOODS, SEALETTES, and MANTLE CLOTHS is an Unparalled Success, as the crowded state of our store amply confirms.

The magnificent line of goods we are now showing "at half price" cannot fail to draw the attention of careful and judicious buyers.

F.X. COUSINEAU & CO

BON MARCHE

BANKRUPT STOCK EMPORIUM

7 AND 9 KING ST. EAST.

P.S.—Wonderfully cheap lines of Goods coming into stock every day.

W. WEST & CO.

Manufacturers of and Dealers in

BOOTS and SHOES

Now showing a large assortment of

LADIES' FINE SHOES,
GENTS' FINE SHOES,
CHILDREN'S BOOTS.

Also Just Opened up a Magnificent Stock of

GENTS' FANCY SLIPPERS

Just the thing for a Holiday Present.

Note the address

W. WEST & CO.,

SIGN OF THE GOLDEN BOOT,

246 YONGE STREET.

SOMETHING BETTER THAN A

PRIZE IN A LONG STOCKING.

IS OUR DISPLAY OF NEW

BEAUTIFUL CHRISTMAS GOODS,

And in order to avoid the crush we usually have during Xmas week, we will give a SPECIAL DISCOUNT OF 10 PER CENT. ON ALL GOODS BOUGHT FROM OR BEFORE DEC. 15TH.

REMEMBER

our prices are always low so this is a

BIG OFFER

Goods selected now will be

RESERVED

until CHRISTMAS if desired on payment of a small deposit.

THE PANTECHNETHECA

116 YONGE STREET CORNER ADELAIDE STREET.

Tea, Dinner, Breakfast Lunch, Fish and Game Sets. English, American and German Glassware, Art Pottery, French Flowers, Royal Worcester, Zolnay and Fishern Hungarian Ware, Teplitz Ware, Statuary, Silver-plated Goods, Rogers' Cutlery and Carvers. Fancy Goods.

Our Prices are low, our Goods new. Customers receive prompt and courteous attention, and we esteem it a privilege to show our Goods.

☞Be sure and take the Elevator to our Show Rooms on the Second Flat, as we have some Elegant Goods there that you should see.